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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

Attorney General Olney made a claim of several millions on the Stanford estate in behalf of the government. The case is in the courts; and Mrs. Stanford is reported to have said that, if the verdict is adverse to the estate, the doors of the University founded by Leland Stanford will be closed. No doubt the court will consider simply the law and equity and deliver the property to its rightful owner.

Rev. J. P. Mariett, of the First Methodist Church in Tacoma, Wash., and Rev. W. M. Jefferis, of the Episcopal Church, preached sermons, Aug. 12, on the summit of Mount Tacoma, 14,444 feet above the sea level. Their subject was the Sermon on the Mount, the audience consisting of twenty-four fellow climbers. The homing pigeon, sent with the reports of them, failed to reach the city on account of forest fires. The words of Christ never had a higher proclamation.

The New York Public Library is coming up in noble proportions. In its consolidated form it includes the Astor Library, the Lenox Library, and the Tilden Foundation. Edward King, the treasurer of the corporation, has just received \$2,000,000 from the Tilden estate, and reports the invested funds, besides buildings, books, furniture and real estate, to be \$3,500,000, the income of which is available for expenses and the purchase of books.

To the fruit growers, the entomologists are proving great benefactors. The insects are a small folk, but very destructive. The careful study of their habits has suggested remedial methods of the utmost value. One grower in Virginia says the value of his crop has been raised from \$3,000 to \$4,000; and in California the orchards have advanced to the amount of \$75 an acre. And yet the remedial work has but just begun. Specialists in all parts of the country are engaged in the endeavor to solve the insect problem.

The Weather Bureau has been fruitful in suggestions and devices to guard life and property against danger from changes in the atmosphere. For this purpose the rocket is now to be utilized. To indicate the approach of storms to those in the harbor and in the suburbs, rockets are to be sent up, at night, from the top of Manhattan Life Insurance Building in New York, and also from various points along the Long Island shore. The orange growers in Florida are in the same way to be notified of the advance of cold waves liable to damage the fruit.

The New Salem Academy, once famous in that part of the State, has just celebrated its centennial. The charter was signed by Samuel Adams, then governor, and a half township of land in the Aroostook County was given in aid of the institution. This grant ruined many of the inhabitants of the town. By the purchase of Maine lands many were obliged to sell their homes in New Salem and remove to Maine. Among them was Capt. James Houlton, who gave name to the county town in Maine. In running the line between the British and American possessions, the Academy lost one-half its tract. In spite of its losses, it has held on its way, in diminished proportions, to this day. Among its alumni are found the names of such men as Gov. Bullock, Judge Aldrich, and Hon. Alpheus Hardy, whose father was, for several years, pastor of the church

and preceptor of the academy. The Academy is now the town high school. The orator of the day was Daniel Bullard.

Professor Bemis has been discharged from his position as professor in Chicago University. His friends claim that the cause of his removal was his criticism of large corporate wealth, and especially the Standard Oil Company, of which John D. Rockefeller is "the head-centre." President Harper, however, denies the correctness of the above claim. He says no official word has been uttered against Prof. Bemis' criticisms. In the removal, his views, or the utterance of them, it is alleged, were not taken into account.

The growth of the British Museum is one of the marvels of the world. Universal history furnishes nothing equal to it. From far and near the treasures of modern civilization are gathered into it and arranged in order, in its acres of space. The report for 1894 simply amazes one—33,378 volumes and pamphlets, exclusive of 61,917 parts of volumes, 981 maps, 5,316 pieces of music, and 2,323 newspapers. It contains many rare books which cannot be duplicated. Various articles of great value are stored there for safety. The specialist can find almost anything he seeks in that great repository, and no investigator feels sure he has ploughed the whole ground until he has examined the treasures of this incomparable Museum.

Primitive Kansas had an honorable reputation for common honesty and fair dealing, while of late the State seems to equal, in amount of roguery to the square mile, any other commonwealth in the Union. The silver craze is only one phase of the moral corruption which has affected a mass of the people. The Populist legislature chartered a place called Greensburg. The population in 1890 was 2,500. The city was bonded for \$45,000 to secure water and electric lighting. The taxes became ruinous; the people fled, only 125 persons being left, who refuse to pay taxes. The houses have been sold to the farmers for a song and moved away. The bonds are worthless. The leaders were able to carry out their little piece of rascality by having a truculent legislature to deal with.

The Tauchnitz Library of Leipzig has been familiar to all wide readers for a hundred years. Charles Christopher Tougott Tauchnitz was the founder, under whom his nephew, Baron Christian Bernard Von Tauchnitz, was trained in the publishing business. In 1837 the nephew began the publication of British authors, known the world over, and to this he soon added translations from the German into English, and later the library of Greek and Latin classics. His qualities as a man, insuring success as a publisher, brought him honor and political preferment. In recognition of his services as a publisher, he was made a Baron in 1872, and five years later was elevated to the peerage by the King of Saxony. The Baron, who died, Aug. 14, at the age of 81 years, is succeeded in business by his son, Charles Bernard, Baron Tauchnitz.

The history of the Panama Canal enterprise is a marvelous record of courage and engineering. The original promoter of the scheme, Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, son of Sir Thomas Wyse, an Irish Lord of the Admiralty, and Princess Letitia, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, died, Aug. 12, in Paris. He was a lieutenant commander in the French Navy, when he married a wealthy English lady, by whose money two or three expensive surveys were made to ascertain the most eligible route. The first was made in 1868, followed by others in 1876, 1877 and 1878. He obtained from the Colombian government the exclusive right to construct a canal, and made a contract with De Lesseps for the use of his surveys and privileges, thus enabling the latter to form a company to promote the great enterprise. In 1894 Wyse brought suit against the liq-

uidator of the Panama Company, demanding \$200,000 as compensation. He declined the \$80,000 offered, and appealed to the courts, which decided that the \$80,000 was adequate and gave judgment for that amount.

More than forty years ago, Michigan undertook a canal around the falls in St. Mary's River, formed by the waters flowing from Lake Superior into Lake Huron. But the enterprise proved too large for the original undertakers; and, in 1853, a new company was organized in New York, which took it to completion in 1853 at a cost of \$1,000,000. But the locks proved too small for the immense shipping of the Northwest. In 1881 the canal was transferred to the United States, which has spent \$2,150,000 on the enlargement. Secretary Lamont, who has just examined the work, reports satisfactorily. More freight passes through this than through the Suez Canal; the register for last year shows 13,000,000 tons. The canal takes the largest ships, each laden with 50,000 or 100,000 bushels of wheat.

A New Industry.

Monazite is a rare metal, found hardly anywhere except in Russia, Norway and Bohemia, and even in these places in small quantities. Slight traces are found in the State of Connecticut and in Brazil, but not enough to pay for working. Monazite has a brownish-red color, a vitreous lustre, and comes in the form of oblique, rhombic prisms. The Piedmont belt in the western edge of the Carolinas is celebrated for poor land and moonshiners. The reddish sand, about a foot below the surface, heretofore regarded as very worthless, is found to contain large quantities of this rare metal, which is proving to the people a mine of wealth. Some of the little farmers sell the right to dig for \$200 an acre, while others receive a royalty or work the new industry themselves. The top soil is removed, and the metal is obtained by washing in a long trough, the monazite settling to the bottom. The mining of monazite has brought not less than \$100,000 to the region the past year. The sand passes current at six cents a pound, and serves as local currency. The discovery acts like the opening of a gold mine in attracting the curious from all lands. The hands average about \$1 a day. The value of the metal is found in the thorium contained in it. Thorium is indispensable in the manufacture of incandescent gas-burners.

The Union Parliament.

On the 12th inst., the fourteenth Parliament under the reign of Queen Victoria assembled with due ceremony at Westminster. At 2 P. M. the usher of the Black Rod requested the attendance of the Commons in the House of Lords to hear the reading of the proclamation opening the session. On returning to their hall, the Commons proceeded to re-elect Speaker Gully. He was the candidate of the Radicals, but had presided during the last session in such a non-partisan spirit as to be re-chosen without a dissenting voice from either side. The Queen's address, though very brief, gave assurance of relations with other powers favorable to continued peace. Reference was made to the Chinese outrages and to the active measures taken by the Chinese government to bring condign punishment upon the murderers. The most striking passage in the address related to Armenia: "Internal troubles which have broken out in the Armenian districts of Asiatic Turkey have been attended with horrors which have moved the indignation of the Christian nations of Europe generally and my people especially. My ambassador and the ambassadors of the Emperor of Russia and the president of the French Republic, acting together, have suggested to the Government of the Sultan the reforms which, in their opinion, are necessary to prevent the recurrence of constant disorder. These proposals are now being

considered by the Sultan, and I am anxiously awaiting his decision."

The Cuban Republic.

Exact information in regard to the military situation in the interior of Cuba is not easily obtained. Both sides make high claims and cast a mist about their movements. One thing is certain—the rebellion has maintained itself for months; the rebels have met Gen. Campos and defeated him, reducing him to such straits that re-enforcements from Spain have become his only hope. They have done enough to establish their rights as belligerents. The Cuban patriots have taken another important step in organizing a republican form of government, with Gen. Maso as provisional president, and in sending to other countries agents to secure the recognition of their belligerency. The organization was rendered necessary to secure this foreign recognition. To an existing government the law of nations accords the rights of belligerency; the Cubans are now prepared to ask from the United States as from other nations a full recognition of their rights to consideration in this new relation. If America and England concede the right, it will afford the revolutionists an immense advantage in the struggle and insure the co-operation of the other powers. A serious fact for the government is the prevalence of the yellow fever among the Spanish troops, not less than 15,000 of whom are said to have died in the trenches. In the open field hardly as many would have perished as are passing out in this silent struggle with disease. The republicans in Spain have kindled a back fire in aid of the revolted Cubans by stirring the embers of revolution at home. The troops designed to subdue the Cuban uprising may find employment in Spain.

Automatic Road Carriages.

Electricity has relieved the horse on the city car, and excels steam in suburban travel, while the steam road holds the supremacy on long routes. For twenty or thirty miles electricity is in the lead, but for one hundred or one thousand miles we fall back on the resources of steam. What may be, we dare not prophesy; we can only report existing facts. The attempt now is to replace the horse on the public highway by an automatic vehicle, propelled by steam, electricity or petroleum. At present the latter has the precedence, as shown by various experiments. In these experiments France takes the lead. Our consul at Havre has sent a report to the State Department at Washington of a prize trial between Paris and Bordeaux, a distance of 335 miles. No vehicle was to have place which could not make the distance out and back in one hundred hours. The main prize (\$7,726) was won by a four-seated carriage, while the second was won by a two-seated vehicle, making the round trip in twenty-four hours and fifty-three minutes. The winning carriages were propelled by gasoline, and the rate of speed attained was about fifteen miles an hour. On the level parts of the route the speed was much greater, but the average was reduced by the delay occasioned in ascending heavy hills. For the electric carriages these hills proved insuperable. They all abandoned the contest and allowed gasoline to take the prize. The electric carriages had another disadvantage in being obliged to stop occasionally to renew their dynamic charges, while the petroleum machines made the run without a single stop. In comparing the merits of the different propelling agents used in these experiments, the palm must be awarded to petroleum, which is at once clean and easily carried and used. The ordinary feeder, containing less than four quarts of oil, generates power for twenty miles. For long distances a receiver is provided capable of meeting all demands for twenty-four or more hours. Among the vehicles in the Bordeaux race were many cycles, one of which, at least, was its own among the larger machines. The power, of course, which would propel the road carriage could be applied to the cycles with one or four wheels. In view of such facts as these, the hour seems really to have come for the displacement of the horse, in travel along the highway, by the automatic machine, occasioning another immense drop in the price of horse-flesh.

Our Contributors.

FOURSCORE.

Bertha Gernaux Davis.

Soon his eyes will grow unheeded
Of the things I call so needful
To my summer; he will note
Neither brook on mosses splashing,
Nor the brilliant colors flashing
From the bluebird's slender throat.

Though the waters shine or darken
As they flow, he will not hearken
To the tale they fain would sing
Gladly, blithely, to each corner,
Of the way the laughing summer
Stole the laurels from the spring.

This I know, so dally, nightly,
Do I clasp his fingers tightly
In my own, for any day
He may travel far, beguiling
With his wonted, placid smiling
All the strangeness of the way.

Washington, D. C.

AMONG "THE ROCKIES" AND BEYOND.

Bishop Fox.

WILL it be in order for me to remind New England that one of its greatest men was not in every utterance absolutely wise? Daniel Webster is reported to have said, in the United States Senate in 1844, some things concerning the region I have recently visited which must now be read with curious wonder. The bill before the Senate related to the proposal that a mail service should be established between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Webster said: "What do we want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactuses and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is today."

I am not about to give an exhibit of the mineral, agricultural, horticultural, health-giving, aesthetic, or moral and religious resources of the vast regions which Webster thus summarily dismissed as not worthy of consideration, and which New England capital and skill have since helped to bring so much "nearer Boston;" but simply to give some brief notes of a most delightful two months' tour among and beyond "the Rockies." When I made a tour identical in part eleven years ago, the limitation of time imposed by my Conference work rendered it impossible for me to take even a hasty run up any of the great canyons, or to the summit of any one of the mountain peaks which glorify Colorado. I will frankly say that I was not withheld from such tours by the spirit which seemed to animate the remark of the greatly beloved and lamented Bishop Jones, who said that he had passed many times within an hour's ride of the world's greatest cataract before he ever saw it. It seems to me a precious privilege, and often a duty, for the children of our Heavenly Father to make the acquaintance of His glorious works.

My Conference work took me through large sections of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. In all these vast and sparsely settled regions we are laboriously, expensively, and amid many discouragements, laying the foundations of moral and religious life for tens of millions of people yet to be born. Most of our workers are earnest, capable, consecrated men, who with too meagre support are doing nobly for the church and for her Lord, and achieving success sufficient to keep up their own courage and to justify the confidence of the church. The very great financial depression in Colorado, as elsewhere, has seriously embarrassed some of our churches. But there is strong reason for confidence that the material prosperity which is beginning to revive in the East will soon spread over the crests of the Rocky Mountains. I met very intelligent observers there who felt sure of a great quickening of mining industries. One of them told me that several gold mines, deserted many years ago because of the cost of transportation and smelting of the ore, which reached in some cases \$48 per ton, were now being successfully worked at less than \$4 a ton by smelters right at the

mouth of the mine; and that millions of money stand ready for investment in any gold mines which give assurance of ample supplies of low grade ore, worth only \$8 or \$7 a ton.

In Utah the problem of Statehood seems practically solved so far as the opinions and wishes of all classes of people are concerned. The most intelligent Protestants, ministers and laymen alike, clearly believe that Mormonism as a political power is dead; though it will, no doubt, long survive as a religion. Its supporters are about equally divided between the great political parties, and supply earnest workers for both. The two chief cities of the Territory, Salt Lake and Ogden, are entirely under the control of the Gentiles, and have good city governments and notably excellent school systems and public school buildings.

In respect to the magnificent scenery of Colorado and Utah, words, however glowingly written, or earnestly spoken to most eager listeners, can convey exceedingly little of what the eye can see and the heart can feel. I had the pleasure of several railroad journeys amid the finest of the mountain scenery. My impressions were such as I can neither describe nor forget. Pike's Peak, Royal Gorge, Silver Plume, the Great Loop, Spanish Peaks, Glenwood Springs, and the Garden of the Gods are, as the types set them forth, only names; but they are to me pictures of inimitable beauty and sublimity which must hang in the gallery of my memory forever.

The Ascent of Pike's Peak

is now made by a cog-wheel railway, nine miles in length, with heavy grades, with no trestles, and only three bridges, with no frowning precipices near at hand to terrify nervous tourists, and, indeed, with scarcely anything to suggest the thought of danger to the ordinary traveler. Starting from the lovely village of Manitou, which nestles amid the spurs at the base of the mountain, our panting engine slowly pushed the car up, up, twenty-five feet in every hundred, through a splendid canyon of three miles, made musical by the mingling sounds of the roaring torrent at our feet and the scream of the locomotive. Frowning cliffs rose to dizzy heights on either hand, often surmounted by immense balancing rocks eager to leap to the sides of their brothers which almost choked the torrent back, and which bore most fantastic names, such as, "Lone Fisherman," "Plum Pudding," "Leaping Frog," and "The Turtle." Then we ascended over broad pastures and alongside of splendid cliffs and around the sweep of curves which every minute revealed new beauties and glories of the near and distant landscape. Soon we passed the timber line, far above which every patch of sod amid the rocks was ornamented with flowers of richest hues, some of them adorning the very top of the mountain, close beside the snow-drifts. We reached the summit at the altitude of 14,147 feet — the highest attained by any railroad — to witness a thunder-storm far below us as well as close around us, and to be greeted by a vast panorama of immense plains stretching eastward to the very distant horizon and of lofty mountains skirting half the circle and dotted with patches of snow; more than a score of them loftier than Pike's Peak itself by two or three hundred feet, those in New Mexico at least one hundred and forty miles distant.

Colorado Springs, twelve miles away, a wealthy and very beautiful city of ten thousand inhabitants and a world-renowned health resort, looked like a checkerboard. The smoke of the smelters of Pueblo, fifty miles south, and of Denver, seventy miles north, was strongly suggestive of the immense mineral stores over which the mountain monarch keeps watch.

At the completion of my official tour I went for a few weeks' rest to the home of my eldest daughter, amid the orange groves and palm trees of

Alhambra, in Southern California.

There I was treated to a new and delightful surprise by the summer climate of that great sanitarium of the continent. I had taken it for granted that, being in the latitude of Charleston, it must be insufferably hot. But I found it for twenty-five days the most nearly perfect summer climate I have known for that length of time. Absolutely no rain; the sun blazing at midday (his rays, however, the shade of an umbrella was sufficient to temper); the fresh sea breeze every afternoon; very cool evenings and mornings; every night calling for two or three woolen blankets.

From a fine height on the brow of Echo Mountain, 3,300 feet above the sea, I had a

really magnificent view of many hundreds of square miles of the San Gabriel Valley, in which irrigation has within a few years turned an arid desert into a veritable Paradise, whose manifold opulence of fruits and flowers and foliage pen and tongue are utterly powerless to describe, and whose health-restoring climate is bringing from the East thousands of permanent residents and scores of thousands of transient visitors every year.

These multiplied attractions of Southern California led Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, after his residence in Europe and his eastward trip around the world, to declare the climate of California the best, and the attractions of the country the greatest, he had anywhere found. Consequently he has for eight years been residing in that region; and now, at the age of eighty, has no purpose of returning to his early home in New England. His old friends will be glad to know that his fourscore years are not "labor and sorrow." He is lithe and active in body, alert of mind, vivacious in conversation, takes long walks, has regular hours of study, and is now rendering the church the great service of carefully revising his "History of Methodism" and bringing it down to date. Let us hope that that invaluable service to the church and to the highest style of historic writing may be completed by his own hand.

Having visited Southern California three times within twelve years, I take pleasure in testifying to the notable success of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that region. I preached in July to two of the largest congregations I have found anywhere in the country, in Pasadena and in the First Church of Los Angeles, in each of which we have more than a thousand communicants, and both of which are expecting soon to build much-needed new church edifices.

LOCH LOMOND OR LAKE GEORGE—WHICH?—BOTH.

Rev. J. D. Pickles, Ph. D.

AN unexpected invitation to preach at Round Lake, N. Y., furnished an irresistible temptation to take in Saratoga, Lake George and Champlain, and Vermont scenery from Burlington to Boston, a hitherto unexplored territory. The pen fails to adequately record the delight experienced.

We—the minister's wife and himself—left Boston—July 18, and at evening found ourselves in that beautiful and hospitable hotel—

Dr. Strong's Far-Famed Sanitarium

of Saratoga. Two delightful days were spent here in observing the movements of fashionable society, testing the various brands of appetizing and healthful waters, visiting neighboring points of interest, and gathering in all we could of the spirit and charm of the place. We quickly found three classes of people there—the purely fashionable, bent on amusement and material enjoyment; the representatives of what may be called the medium classes of society, professional people and well-to-do people, seeking rest and refreshment from the waters and the healthful air; and the class that ministers to the visitors in hope of gain. Being of the second class, we observed the first and paid the second. The beautiful home-life of the hotel, with its family prayer-service, lent additional enjoyment to our stay. Here Dr. Cuyler has made his home for many years, and a fine picture of him in his robes graces the parlor wall. Here Bishops and presiding elders, editors, missionary secretaries, and many common folk like ourselves, have passed delightful days.

On Saturday we dropped down to

Round Lake.

to find a beautiful encampment beneath the trees, to hear on Sunday morning an earnest and profitable sermon from Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, editor of the *Northern*—a Boston boy doing credit to his birthplace. Your scribe occupied the desk in the afternoon and had in a physical sense a melting time, the thermometer being well up to the nineties. Rev. Dr. Yeager, principal of Drew Ladies' Seminary at Carmel, N. Y., was to have preached in the evening, but a sudden thunder-storm disarranged the program—for who could be heard when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, and the God of glory thundereth?" A convention of the principals of our academies and seminaries was being held. Among those present were Principals Dunton, of Poughkeepsie, Vt., Durrell, of Tilton, Weld, of Round Lake, Dr. Jos. E. King, the veteran educa-

tor, of Fort Edwards, Dr. Yeager, of Drew, and others.

Monday morning we were off with Mr. Durrell and wife—than whom no more genial traveling companions can be found, and through whose courtesy my trip was possible—for

Lakes George and Champlain.

All that we had heard of Lake George was more than realized. It is indeed the "queen of American waters." The name of Father Jaques, the Jesuit missionary, will always be associated with its discovery, as he was the first white man who saw and wrote about it. In one of his missionary tours he was captured by the Indians and tortured. Escaping from them, he returned to France, but came again to Canada, entered his former field, was again captured, and, after horrible torture, died a martyr to the cause he loved. The name given to the lake by Father Jaques was *Lac du St. Sacrament* (the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament), but this was afterwards changed by the English into its present name, Lake George, in honor of the English king.

Space and time both fail in particularizing the attractions of the place. The famed Adirondacks on the west and north lift their towering summits and send healthful breezes through all the region, while far to the east we see the Green Mountains of Vermont whose peaks respond in antiphonal harmony to the fraternal challenge of their neighbors across the lakes. Bays and inlets and murmuring brooks and wooded isles, with summer hotels and cottages on shores and islands, make a scene of almost Paradise beauty. Black Mountain, the "Monarch of the Lake," affords from its summit, the captain told us, views hardly surpassed in American scenery—to the north is Lake Champlain, on the east the Green Mountains, on the west and north the Adirondacks rise, one above another, while away towards the south, like a thread of silver, stretches the mighty Hudson, while his feet are bathed in the clear waters of Lake George. The water of the lake is of remarkable clearness and the bottom is plainly seen through fathoms of water. The sail on this lake will never be forgotten. I have sailed round Ellen's Isle and down the famous Scottish Lomond, but these cannot compare with Lake George, and the English lakes come equally short of this poem in nature.

At Baldwin, near the foot of the lake, we take the cars for Ticonderoga—"Fort Ti" as it is called—where we embark for a sail on Champlain, calling at various ports till we reach Burlington, Vt. A little distance from Baldwin is Mount Defiance, from whose summit Burgoyne trained his guns on old Fort Ti. Later on came valiant Ethan Allen, with his brave Vermont boys, and commanded the surrender of the Fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Here, also, came Lord Howe, Abercrombie, Gen. Burgoyne, Gen. Amherst, the famous Baron Dieskau, and Montcalm, the future opponent of Wolfe on the heights of Quebec. The battles here were a part of the series between the French and English for the possession of the American continent.

Lake Champlain is almost as beautiful as Lake George, and is equally interesting from a historic standpoint. On its water and on its shores frequent battles took place between Indians and French, then between French and English, and finally between the colonial forces and the mother country; but now peace reigns and over all waves the red, white and blue.

Burlington, on the eastern side of the lake, is one of the most beautiful towns we ever saw, well deserving its name of "Queen City of Vermont." Here is the University of Vermont, on whose grounds we noticed that a new dormitory and a new scientific building were going up, showing prosperity and enterprise on the part of the University. A beautiful Methodist church occupies a commanding site, and a brief call on Pastor Rowe revealed a brother evidently well-fitted for this responsible charge. We noticed he was reading the latest book on Egyptology.

From Burlington we rode to Montpelier through the Winooski Valley, a most charming bit of scenery, and then via Wells River, Plymouth, the Wells, Manchester, Concord, Nashua, to Boston—a trip that cannot be equalled for beauty, variety and interest by any other of equal extent, I believe, in America. To any wishing a brief, inexpensive and thoroughly enjoyable trip, let me urge the one I have endeavored so hastily and imperfectly to outline. Its beauty and interest cannot be exaggerated.

Boston, Mass.

PLYMOUTH AND THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

Rev. Howard A. Clifford, A. M.

OF this English town, attractive by its history and scenery, Burritt wrote: "Plymouth! old Plymouth! mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world, that wear the memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of their children, and before the date of every outward letter. This is the mother Plymouth sitting by the sea." The "three towns" of Plymouth, Devonport and Stonehouse have together a population of about 300,000 people, and remind you of a flourishing New England city. The use of the word "city" is in England reserved for places having a cathedral, and so we find that some so-called towns are very large and important places.

Every son of New England who crosses the Atlantic and has some patriotic fire ought to come to the place where the Pilgrim fathers sailed from their last English port in 1620. For it was on the sixth of September of that year when the hundred and one persons on the "Mayflower" left this harbor, and the spot of embarkation is now marked by a stone with the inscription "Mayflower 1620" and a tablet in the wall opposite. Many passengers who enjoy all the luxuries of modern ocean travel complain of their lot, but what shame they may deserve to feel when we compare the heroic past with the present comfortable conditions. The hill overlooking the ocean is called "The Hoe," from the Saxon word, *hou*. On a pleasant evening thousands of people stroll along the finest natural promenade in England, and look out on the same scene which once was the port of our brave but anxious ancestors. The waters have the same varying moods as then, and the surrounding hills have not materially changed their forms, but we may well reflect upon the history of England and America for nearly three centuries. Poetry and romance are not usurpers in our sterner thoughts, and to press the soil made sacred by the heroism of those who did bravely their work and long ago completed what they could do for human liberty may arouse slumbering energies to patience and valor. You will find on The Hoe a statue of Sir Francis Drake, and a memorial of the Spanish Armada bearing the words, "He blew with his winds and they were scattered." The memorial was erected in 1888, on the three hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the great fleet which Philip II. of Spain sent against his enemy, England, with the purpose of establishing the Roman Catholic faith on this soil if his expedition was a success. So we are thankful for the brave soldiers and for the mighty winds of God. The coat of arms for Plymouth has a reverent look, with its motto "Turris fortissima est nomen Jehorah." How often we say, what we never fully realize, that God has been in all history and has been wiser than the thoughts of men. There is a pleasing story that on the 19th of July, 1588, a game of bowls was being played in full sight of the sea on The Hoe, by Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Froisher and Lord Howard of Effingham with other distinguished men. A commander of a small vessel approached the group in great haste to report that he had seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast that very morning. The courageous Drake checked the excitement of his comrades by insisting that there was plenty of time "to win the game and beat the Spanish, too." And the result justified his cheerful words. The design of his arms is a ship drawn about the world by a hand which has the words "Auxilio divino," so there was the honor of God in the mind of the old hero. This story of the game has been well authenticated by Mr. Wright, the Borough librarian of Plymouth. In the mayor's official parlor I saw a quaint portrait of Drake with these lines:—

"Sir Drake, whom wel the worlde's ends know,
Whiche thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven ones saw,
Whiche north and south doe bound;
The stars above will make thee knowne,
If man beere silent were;
The sunn himself can not forgett
His fellow traveller."

The Eddystone lighthouse, which has an altitude of 130 feet above the highest tide, is an object for admiration on a dark evening and can be clearly distinguished on a clear day. It was found that Smeaton's lighthouse, which had faced the storms of one hundred and twenty years, was unsafe because its weight had weakened its foundation on the reef. Then the veteran was

relieved of its sentinel duty and re-erected on The Hoe. One evening we climbed where the old light used to shine, and thus paid our tribute to the faithful guardian of "ships that pass in the night." In the granite wall of the storeroom you can read, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

We must not forget the history of England and the great deeds of her people, and we are constantly reminded in these days at Plymouth of the present battle for righteousness by the

Wesleyan Conference.

Venerable and noble men are in attendance, who are reinforced by valiant and worthy young men more than the churches now demand. The entrance of Rev. William Arthur, whose "Tongue of Fire" is a classic, was cheered by a kindly English greeting, "Hear, Hear!" At this session Rev. Walford Green gracefully yields the chair to the new president, Rev. Dr. D. J. Waller. There are no Bishops, and the president holds his office for only one year. Among the ex-presidents on the platform we distinguish Drs. James Rigg, Young, Garrett, Jenkins, Joseph Bush and Henry Pope. The theological author, Rev. Wm. Burt Pope, is absent in impaired health. Among the prominent debaters and authors, whose writings are known to Americans, are Prof. W. T. Davison, Dr. J. Agar Beet, Rev. T. G. Selby, author of "The Imperfect Angel and Other Sermons," and the irrepressible Hugh Price Hughes.

There are many points about the work of British Methodism which seem peculiar to a New England visitor. It may also be well to state that the English people are not disposed to make any radical changes in religion or government, and can argue strongly against American methods. Before Conference the "first list" of appointments is issued by the stationing committee, subject to revision as new information seems to demand. The final list must be passed unanimously by the preachers themselves, who have the privilege to state any special case in the Pastoral session, which is closed to the public. The courtesy of a seat with my Wesleyan brethren was accorded me and was appreciated. I found a wheel within a wheel, according to Ezekiel. This annual Wesleyan Conference lasts about three weeks and is a combination of our American Annual and General Conferences. The talk about the "Legal Hundred" is sure to lead to much inquiry, until you find that the entire business of the session must be finally subjected to this honorable portion of the body, which has special authority. It is, however, not the pleasure of the Legal Hundred to act against the expressed desire of the whole Conference. In the second week is held the Representative session, in which the lay members have equal voting power with the elected ministers.

There have been some battles of words between such noble champions as Dr. Rigg, Dr. Jenkins, Revs. Kelley and Hughes. The subject of the extension of the pastoral term brought a crowded house and gave opportunity for a lively debate. The provision in John Wesley's Poll Deed makes it illegal for any man to be superintendent of a station beyond three years, and this clause cannot be changed except by act of Parliament. The Conference favored the present time-limit, with some arrangement for special cases by which a pastor can remain longer. As might be expected, the question of lady delegates was argued warmly on both sides. The result was a drawn battle, but you will continue to hear from England until woman receives her every right. She has some splendid advocates.

It is quite the thing to provide a "smoking-room" at these annual meetings, but there is a nobler position taken for temperance. At a special meeting in Guildhall, which was well attended and enthusiastic, Rev. T. G. Selby made a manly speech. He said he had found himself in a Chinese city in a minority of one, and he did not despair of the temperance cause in these days when the election has brought so much depression. Rev. Charles Garrett, whose beard is snow white, was received with cheers, and made a speech which would remind you of Gough, though he has not the dramatic power of that great orator. Rev. J. E. Wakerley, a rising preacher of London, spoke with a power which captivated his audience, and declared his determination to fight the drink evil.

Sunday was a day of spiritual feasts in all directions. I went to hear Prof. W. T. Davison speak about the divine pattern of life, and Dr. Beet concerning the relation

of Christ to the family at Bethany where He raised Lazarus.

The Mayor and Mayoress received the members and guests of the Conference one evening at the Guildhall, with all due ceremony and cordiality. Of course I accepted an invitation, and saw how a great crowd tries to be happy and get home alive.

Something is needed to relieve the heavy atmosphere of debate, and one day there was a hearty laugh for the brother who excitedly said: "We want to be square all round!" But even brilliant wit cannot supply oxygen, so seventy gentlemen and ladies took a coaching trip over the hills from Tavistock, where we had rugged scenery, and heard tales of smuggling two hundred years ago.

I must express gratitude to my new English friends for uniform kindness, and am off to Exeter and Bristol.

A DAY ON A RANCH.

Mrs. Janette Hill Knox.

IT has been my privilege to visit several of the large farms in North Dakota, but not until recently a genuine ranch. On June 19, according to previous arrangement, Mr. Knox, Nettie Rand and I accepted the invitation of Major Carter to take a trip to his ranch, familiarly known as "Cherry Hill Farm." At 7.30 in the morning we boarded the train which took us within six miles of the ranch, where we were met by Mr. Carter and his brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Strachan, who is seeking health (and finding it) in a year's companionship with nature. Mr. Strachan drove an elegant span of Exmore ponies, and as he approached the depot cried out that one of us could ride with him and the other two in the bronco team that would soon be there. While his conversation was addressed to all of us, he looked toward Mr. Knox so beseechingly that if we had been less considerate for others than we were, we should certainly have said, as we did, that the two ministers would better go together.

In due time we were driving over the prairies, which are always magnificent, but which on this day were magnificently beautiful, literally covered as they were with the prairie roses. Think of it! Acres upon acres thickly dotted with red, pink, and white roses, and the air laden with an aroma of the fresh-blown blossoms. Other flowers of no mean appearance helped to make those wide prairies one vast flower garden. There were the spiderwort of brightest blue, the waxy anemone of purest white, the evening primrose with its larger but less beautiful blossoms, and the purple wild peas or vetches, with an occasional richly colored yellow flower whose botanical name I have forgotten. Nothing, however, could compare with the roses in beauty or quantity. Some one has said that the flowers out of reach of man are dedicated to God. Nowhere in this wide world, if this be true, can there be such a supreme floral dedication as on these North Dakota prairies. They touch everybody's heart. On the train the conductor or the brakeman, would jump off at each station and in a moment gather a beautiful bouquet and bring it into the car for the women and children. I was on a train a week or two before this trip, when suddenly the train stopped between stations. "What's the matter?" cried several voices. "Nothing," was the reply. "The boys want some roses." And when a moment later the express messenger, with whom I was acquainted, brought me a dainty bouquet of buds and blossoms, I suspect there was in my prosy soul something of the same sentiment to which Lucy Larcom with her

poetical nature, gave expression in the words,—

"The world we live in, wholly is redeemed;
Not man alone, but all that man holds dear:
His orchards and his maize; forget-me-not
And heart's-ease in his garden; and the wild
Aerial blossoms of the untamed wood,
That make its savagery so homelike; all
Have felt Christ's sweet love watering their
roots;
His sacrifice has won both earth and heaven."

Does familiarity with the flowers bring contempt? Little Ivah Strachan, four years old, cried when the wagon wheels crushed one. Mr. Carter quaintly informed us that he was trying the aesthetic on his pigs this year. Why should they not share in the floral bounties? When we reached the pig-pen, which was about the size of a New England farm, there was the same rosy profusion as elsewhere, the occupants evidently preferring the growing wheat for ordinary diet. It was a strange combination, however—pigs and roses!

After dinner we visited the sand hills which nature, in a freaky mood, had thrown up on the prairie. These sand hills have been played upon by the winds until many of them are scooped out, leaving deep cavities down whose white, glistening sides the younger members of our number rolled and the older ones slid. Various wild fruits grow here, including plums and sand-hill cherries. There is also a profusion of ivy, which compelled some of us to take heed to our steps.

Leaving the sand hills, we next made the acquaintance of the stock. Extremes met in the great Clydesdale of seventeen hundred pounds' weight and the little Shetland colt two months old, so small that one could easily take it in his arms and fondle it as he would a dog. This baby colt was named "Coxey"—perhaps to give honor to the name. Another bore the name of "Debs." Among the swine was a "John L. Sullivan," so named because of its superior strength. We were of the opinion that this pig honored his namesake.

Oh! but that day on the ranch! As we wandered in the grove and through the hills I could only think of the poet's words,—

"One golden day redeems a weary year."

Not that our year had been weary; but if it had, this day would have redeemed it. It gave us courage and trust for the days to come, and made us more than ever thankful for such a privilege of communion with nature and friends.

Wahpeton, N. D.

Cannot Be Painted.

CAN Christ be painted? The Mohammedans would not attempt such a thing; the Jews dare not figure the Omnipotent; the Buddhists consider the name of the Highest to be unpronounceable, and surely Christian reverence will not err where outsiders catch the great truth. Ah! if we could see that face and limn for all time the features of the Peerless! What would the world not give for such a sight? That glorious brow, crowned with the Divine crown of thorns; those cheeks, marred more than any man's, scarred and seared with the world's sin; regal and radiant with the glistening tears of Divine pity. Milton could describe a devil, Dante a hell, but they fell short at Christ. Sir Edwin Arnold can add to the lustre of a Buddha, but he cannot glorify the Light of the World. It seems as if He scorned pomp, and it is given to the simple to represent Him best. The "fair Christ" of the old Saxon poets represent more than has ever been said since of Him. Raphael, Correggio, Angelo, Doré, who can paint the Christ? He is a life, a spiritual force, not a picture! The soul's eye of the pure-in-heart shall see Him, and gazing on Him shall grow satisfied, for they shall awake in His likeness.—*Christian Commonwealth* (London).

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The Conferences.

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

Riverside.—The "Gideon's Band" at this church are doing excellent work considering the difficulties with which they have to contend. The Sunday-school has increased in attendance and interest, and the earnest labors of the pastor are appreciated. Several children have recently been baptized, and the parents are becoming interested in the church services. The annual excursion of the Sunday-school "down the river," Thursday, Aug. 8, was a very pleasant affair. The pastor, Rev. A. J. Myers, besides attending to his pastoral duties, works with his own hands during six days of the week, and has supplied the pulpit of Hope St. and Haven churches two Sundays each during this summer.

Trinity Church, Providence.—The officers of this church have done themselves great credit and rendered a service to the entire Conference in their generous treatment of their pastor, Rev. J. M. Taber. For several years Mr. Taber has been troubled with a serious weakness in his throat which has greatly hindered him in his work. Thinking that a change of climate would be beneficial, the presiding elder was consulted and arrangements were soon completed for a transfer to a Western Conference and for the appointment to Trinity Church of an eloquent preacher from Iowa. These plans, however, have been completely overturned through the kindness and thoughtfulness of the officers of Trinity, who persuaded their pastor to consult a specialist, who stated that prolonged rest and local treatment were necessary than change of residence or climate. If these were taken, he assured Mr. Taber that he could be cured and live in Providence as well as in the West. On receiving this assurance, the quarterly conference, by a unanimous rising vote, gave their pastor a vacation of three months with salary in full, and also voted to supply the pulpit at their own expense. Rev. F. D. Blakeslee, D. D., has been engaged to supply the pulpit during September and October. Such generous Christian courtesy is highly appreciated by Mr. Taber, and the members of the Conference join with him in thanking the officers of Trinity Church; for, however excellent a man the eloquent Iowa brother may be, we very much prefer to retain our own Brother Taber, who is as well-beloved by the ministers of the Conference as by his church. His many friends will pray for him, that rest and the proposed treatment may result in complete recovery.

Asbury Memorial.—A new financial system has been inaugurated, resulting in great benefit to the church both financially and in increasing the attendance. Sunday, July 28, an appeal was made for about \$250 to pay all bills for the quarter, and the whole amount with a surplus has been raised, and the church rejoices in beginning a new quarter with current expenses all provided for. Aug. 5, the Epworth League had a very enjoyable and successful moonlight excursion. The other chapters of the city were invited, and quite a number responded. Pastors Rich, Horton, and Oldham accompanied the party.

Woonsocket.—This church will suffer a great loss in the removal of Mr. John W. Bennett to Oswego, N. Y. As president of the Epworth League, assistant recording steward, assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, and a popular leader of the young people, he is considered invaluable service to the church. The removal of Robert Robinson to Providence is another great loss. For twenty-five years Mr. Robinson has been class-leader and usher, being absent from church only five times during all these years.

Phenix.—Rev. J. H. Allen is pastor. The congregations have suffered no diminution during the hot weather, the average attendance in July being as large as during the spring months. The attendance at class-meeting has increased; Sunday, Aug. 4, 2 were baptized by sprinkling and 1 by immersion. July 31, the Sunday-school held its annual excursion to Field's Point and Roger Williams Park. The day was delightful and the dinner and recreations were richly enjoyed. Mr. J. N. Nye, the popular superintendent of the Sunday-school and chorister of this church, has charge of the music at the William Camp-meeting Bible Conference.

Union Excursion.—About 1,600 Methodists from the churches of Fall River came to Crescent Park, which is situated in the town of East Providence, Aug. 5. We are always glad to welcome our neighbors to the hospitable shores of Rhode Island, but would suggest that the Methodists of Providence and vicinity would hardly look upon Crescent Park as a suitable place for a gathering of Methodists.

Bristol.—Rev. A. W. Kingsley is enjoying his pastorate at this place. A delightful spirit of harmony prevails, and prosperity crowns the united labors of pastor and people. The quarterly conference recently held gave evidence of their appreciation of their pastor by increasing the salary \$200.

Centerville.—The increased attendance at the week-evening services previously reported continues despite the summer heat. At the July communion 3 were received on probation and 4 by letter, and on August 4, 2 were received on probation and 1 by letter. The public congregations are large and the religious interest good. Rev. J. H. Buckley, the pastor, will take a two weeks' vacation the last of August. Mrs. Mary B. Cady, an aged and loved member of this church, passed very suddenly to her rest and reward, Aug. 1.

Chestnut St., Providence.—The repairs on this church are progressing rapidly. The painting and shingling are completed, and the work of removing the organ to a recess back of the pulpit and the frescoing of the interior will transform the old edifice into a thing of beauty. Rev. H. B. Cady has the united support of the church and congregation in all his plans, and prosperity, as usual, is the result.

Attleboro.—The Methodist and Congregational churches have held union services during the months of July and August, thus giving the pastors a needed vacation and providing well for the work. The congregations have been large. Rev. G. E. Brightman received 7 on probation and 6 by letter at the August communion, and a good revival interest continues to prevail.

Personals.—Rev. J. A. L. Rich, of Asbury Memorial Church, will spend his vacation among his former parishioners in Maine. He expects to take in the Foxcroft Camp-meeting during the trip. —Rev. W. H. Allen, of Woonsocket, is visiting his home at Natick, N. S. —Rev. C. W. Holden recuperates at Vineyard Haven. —Rev. L. G. Horton will remain with his church at Central Falls during the summer. His family spend the month of August at Natick, Conn.

—Rev. J. M. Taber is at Franconia, N. H. —Rev. A. W. Kingsley, of Bristol, S. M. Beale, of Pawtucket, G. E. Brightman, of Attleboro, J. Oldham, of East Providence, Chaplain Nutting, of the Rhode Island State Institutions, Dr. M. J. Talbot, and Presiding Elder Benton of the Providence District, are summering at Cottage City. —Rev. G. W. Hunt, of the South St. Church, Brockton, will take his vacation in September, visiting his old home in New Jersey. —Rev. F. P. Parkin, formerly of our Conference, now of Philadelphia, is receiving warm greetings from his many friends. He, with his family, is spending his vacation at Cottage City. —Rev. J. A. Root, formerly of the Tabernacle Church, Providence, has withdrawn from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The ladies of Edgewood and Haven churches held very successful lawn parties the first week in August. NEMO.

Brockton and Vicinity.

Brockton, Central Church.—The interest is well sustained during the warm weather. Sunday, Aug. 4, 8 were received from probation and 2 baptized. The pastor, Rev. C. M. Meliden, goes to Point Independence for his vacation.

South Street.—Rev. G. W. Hunt will remain at his work during the summer months, taking his vacation in September. The annual invitation to the members of Brockton and Vicinity Preachers' Meeting to bring their wives and stay to dinner is postponed until the October meeting.

Franklin Church.—The new church building is rapidly approaching completion. The inside finishers are now at work. Carpets are being made; pews are on hand ready to be set up; the pulpit furniture is ordered. Those who have been most deeply interested in the enterprise find their expectations more than met. The dedication will be in the latter part of September or early October. Congregations crowd the old building to overflowing both morning and evening. Three were received by letter, Aug. 4. The pastor, Rev. E. H. Dupuy, has been enjoying a much-needed rest at his old home in South Norwalk, Conn.

Pearl Street.—On July 2 Rev. J. E. Johnson and Miss Martha Cadwallader, of Waterloo, Ia., were united in marriage at the home of the bride. After a wedding trip, which included Henderson, Minn., Minneapolis, Falls, Chicago, Niagara and the Hudson, they arrived in the newly furnished parsonage of the Pearl St. Church. A reception was tendered them in the church on the following Friday evening. The decorations were beautiful and tasteful and every arrangement complete. Mr. Seth M. Hall made the address of welcome, to which Mr. Johnson feelingly responded. Mr. M. A. Leger and Mrs. Leger, the evangelist, whose labors at this church were so abundantly blessed, and Mr. G. A. Packard, extended warm congratulations. The little folks, through Miss Myrtle Hollis, presented Mrs. Johnson with a beautiful bouquet. An original poem descriptive of the four successful years of Mr. Johnson's pastorate was read by Miss Cora I. Scott. Mrs. Johnson is entering heartily into the work and winning the hearts of all. Every department of church work is in excellent condition. The heated period seems only to increase enthusiasm. The League holds its regular literary meeting and two prayer-meetings each week. The pastor has instituted a series of "afternoon rambles" for the smaller children. Twenty-eight boys made up the company last week.

Personal.—Rev. A. Field, of East Braintree, and Rev. S. E. Ellis, of South Braintree, with their wives, are camping out at Wessagusset Hill, North Weymouth beach. L. S.

Maine Conference.

Lewiston District.

Conway, N. H.—Seven adults were baptized at the Centre, July 14. July 21 was observed as Epworth League anniversary day, the members gathering up the fragments of the Boston and Chattanooga feasts. A new enthusiasm in League work was awakened.

Norway.—The praying-band recently organized is holding large grove-meetings every Sunday afternoon at the South end of the village. At the grove and in the church seekers of Christ are multiplying, and the spirit of conviction and awakening has become general. The church is full of courage and expectation. Aug. 4, the pastor, Rev. Francis Grover, received 5 by letter, 1 from probation, 5 on trial, and baptized 2.

Rumford Centre plans a home camp-meeting for early September, with several brethren to assist in preaching. The pastor's salary is paid to date and all indications point to an unusually prosperous year.

Gorham, N. H.—A party of four ministers and two ministers' wives accomplished the ascent of Mt. Washington through Tuckerman's Ravine, over four and one-half miles of rough mountain trail, June 16. When within one and one-half miles of the summit, they were shut in by clouds and drenched with rain; the strength of one of the ladies was nearly exhausted, and the Tip-top House was reached with difficulty. But, whether in storm or sunshine, Mt. Washington is "just grand." The resident pastor, Rev. G. I. Lowe, preaches to large congregations morning and evening. The last quarterly con-

ference voted to advance his salary \$200 as a token of their appreciation.

Berlin, N. H.—The church edifice will probably be dedicated in September. Look for the notice and come to the feast of dedication.

Harpwell and Orr's Island.—The pastor, Rev. C. M. Abbott, and family have made their home in a pleasant and quiet nook opposite Harpwell Neck. His address is West Harpwell. During the summer months he addresses large audiences, which include people who spend their summer in camp or cottage along these beautiful shores. Mr. Abbott's son, a young man of twenty years or more, edits a little paper called *The Ocean Breeze*—the first paper ever published in Harpwell.

Obseague.—The pastor reports an increased interest and attendance at Sunday-school. This island is less affected than others, whether for good or ill, by summer visitors, not having become as yet a popular summer resort.

Long Island.—The congregations are slightly increased from the flood of visitors; but the dance-hall is patronized better than the church services.

Cumberland and Falmouth.—The parsonage has been renovated, and now offers a clean, cozy home for the preacher and his bride. Several new families have been added to the Sabbath congregation. A deeply spiritual mid-week prayer-meeting has been developed. The opinion prevails that Rev. M. B. Greenhalge is the man for the place.

West Cumberland.—Rev. William Briggs has added a school-house appointment at South Gray to his charge, with an attendance of about fifty. Two have recently sought Christ.

East Poland and Minot.—The Epworth League has manifested a commendable activity, taking charge of the Sunday evening meeting, holding a four o'clock meeting in a neighboring school-house every second Sunday, and a meeting in another school-house every Thursday evening.

Beacon St., Bath.—A carefully-selected list of books has been added to the Sunday-school library. Steamer "Nehanda" carried a merry party of Sunday-school scholars and their friends down the river, July 1. The pastor, Rev. M. C. Pendexter, is improved in health in many particulars. Contrary to current reports, he has been able to preach every Sunday since Conference and attend to the regular duties of his pastorate.

East North Yarmouth rejoices in the earnest labors of their new pastor, Rev. M. E. Mabry. In intellectual and physical activity and earnest zeal for God, Mr. Mabry is an example for many a younger man.

Yarmouthville.—Rev. B. C. Simonton speaks to a fair-sized audience which gathers in the old Universalist church edifice. Our people propose making repairs upon the edifice, in return for which they will have a lease of it for three years. A good spiritual interest prevails, and several conversions have occurred recently.

West Durham and Pownal.—Statistics gathered by the pastors show 54 families who are Methodist by preference; 7, Free Baptist; 1, Calvin Baptist; 3, Universalist; 1, Episcopal; 2, Friends; 5, Congregational; and 7 having no preference. Of 153 children in the community only 50 are in Sunday-school. JUNIOR.

Portland District.

The funeral of Dr. E. E. Hurd was held at Goodwin's Mills, Aug. 8. Dr. Hurd was a prominent citizen and official member of the Methodist Church. In many ways his life has been a blessing to the community for half a century. The people filled the house and covered the lawn. The pastor, Rev. G. W. Barber, has been conducting the normal work at Fryeburg.

Mrs. Lucy R. Tupper, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Tupper, of the East Maine Conference, was buried at North Berwick, Aug. 9. The death was sudden, and six children are left to mourn the loss of a very dear mother.

We met Rev. C. A. Littlefield, of the New England Conference, at Maryland Ridge. We are glad to welcome him within our borders.

Rev. F. W. Smith is taking an outing at North Conway, and the people enjoy seeing a former pastor. Rev. J. H. Trask wished to know whether the Portland District was coming.

Rev. C. E. Strout conducted services at Peak's Island, much to the pleasure and profit of the people, and also delivered a League address at South Portland. Rev. Wm. Wood returned the compliment, giving a League address at Gorham.

Rev. C. U. Phelan supplied Chestnut Street the last Sabbath of July, and Rev. J. O. Wilson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in the church Aug. 11. In the absence of the pastors, Rev. G. E. Palmer conducted the meetings at Pine Street and Congress Street, Aug. 4.

The preachers are helping each other: Rev. W. Canham preached at Pleasantdale, July 21, and rendered service at Berwick, Aug. 11.

Alfred continues its improvements. New and beautiful windows have been placed in the church, an alcove built in the rear, the interior finished in white wood, and other desirable improvements made. They expect to reopen about the first of September. Rev. C. M. Hall, of Lowell, gave a lecture, July 28, on the Chal-

tanooqa Convention. The effort was highly commended.

The South Portland church has published a sheet called *The Intelligencer*. We are glad that the editor's name does not appear, lest some one should make a bid for him for that business.

The Eliot Epworthian still appears, with enough that is local and historic to mark it as a product of York County. P.

East Maine Conference.

Bangor District.

Sherman.—This was made a new charge toward the end of the last Conference year, and Rev. J. L. Pinkerton, a student at Bucksport Seminary, was appointed pastor. Some parts of it are already in quite good working order. A pleasant little church, nearly new, forms the centre, and numerous school-house appointments are included. The people know but little of Methodism; but the pastor and a few of the people being loyal, we hope for something here in the future.

Patten.—An old charge, tried and true. Rev. A. E. Luce enters his third year with the elements in his favor. A part of Sherman charge was taken from this, and, presumably, would affect the salary here; but to the surprise of the pastor, the committee reported an advance of

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G. Jasper, St. Louis.—What is good for a coated tongue; also a remedy to gain flesh?

For the former take Nathrolithic Salts, twice a week, a teaspoonful in a half-tumbler of water, a half-hour before breakfast. Second, take Cardine, extract of the heart, in three-drop doses, on the tongue, twice a day.

H. L. D., Kansas City.—I feel languid and tired all the time. No energy, and very nervous. Have pimples on my face. What shall I take?

Take Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in five-drop doses, three times daily. Twice a week take a dose of Nathrolithic Salts.

Alex. C., New York.—What is a good remedy for gout? Febricide; one pill three times daily. A dose of Nathrolithic Salts twice a week.

Mrs. H. P., Phila.—For the nervous debility take Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in five-drop doses, on the tongue, three times daily. For the catarrh, use Witch Hazel ointment stuffed up the nose; also take a teaspoonful of Nathrolithic Salts in a half-tumbler of hot water, a half-hour before breakfast, twice a week.

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and a vacation of two weeks. We expect a good work here this year.

Moro and Smyrna.—Rev. George Palmer occupies a large field. The country is sparsely populated, but he had in two months called upon 106 families and prayed in nearly all of them. All the details of the work are carefully looked after. Here lives that old pioneer Methodist, Solomon Bates, who, in a way, pre-empted this territory for Christ and Methodism. The ring of the axe and the shouts of Solomon were in harmony in the early days of this section. His progeny are many, but they keep pace with their loyal and true ancestor. Many the pastor who will forever recall his acts of love and sympathy with gratitude. May he live long to bless the cause!

Smyrna is about completing a beautiful church edifice commenced several years ago. Here lives Rev. G. F. Lilly, who was appointed to Oakfield, but on account of poor health and house building has not entered upon his work. We hope, however, he will soon be upon the ground and develop this new country and establish here a strong charge.

Houlton.—Sabbath morning, July 21, was bright and beautiful, and Houlton Methodism was well represented at church. The popular pastor, Rev. F. E. White, was taking a much-needed rest by the sea. He believes in Houlton, and is satisfied that this is to become the Mecca of Methodism in this rich and magnificent portion of our State. The people here are closely identified with the work at Littleton Camp-meeting, and we shall expect to see a great many earnest workers there.

Mars Hill and South Presque Isle.—Here is the centre of this universe. Twenty miles away, at least, we ask: "What hill is that?" and the answer is, no matter what the direction from which we point, "That is Mars Hill." We long to tread its heights and feel the inspiration of him who preached that illustrious sermon upon the summit of its namesake in Athens. Well, here we find that Rev. H. E. Dunnack has gotten into the heart of the country and into the hearts of the people. We have no church edifice here, but they all say: "We will have one if Mr. Dunnack will stay, and we will pay him all the salary he asks." But he says he must go to college. Good for him, but bad for the cause and the people! We want a young man full of vigor and the Holy Ghost to take his place the first of September. Mr. Lincoln, one of the wealthy men of the place and a Methodist in his preferences, offers to give a beautiful lot and donate more money than any other for the church edifice. The building committee has been chosen, and we hope to see the church up this fall.

South Presque Isle, four miles from Presque Isle, a booming village where we ought to have a Methodist Church, has a pleasant church building, erected six years ago by Rev. C. C. Whidden, now of Dover. This is the birthplace of Mr. Whidden, and here we were greeted by his parents and brother, which made our stay exceedingly pleasant. Unfortunately for this charge, Mr. Whidden left to go to school before the subscriptions had been collected, and so an ugly and crushing debt has for these years been annoying the people. More than \$1,000 delinquency! "What shall be done?" asked some. Only one answer could be given—"Pay it." But how can a handful of people pay so much? Cheerfully the people responded to the call for \$50, and the presiding elder, inspired by their Christian heart, took the rest to raise, and the 15th of November will be an illustrious day in the history of this people, when the mortgage will be burned and the doxology, with variations, will be sung.

Hodgdon and Linneus.—Rev. V. E. Allen possesses the confidence of the people universally and is winning his way to their affections. This is a hard charge, in territory, but possesses a loyal and true people. The pastor is planning for revival work this year. Only a good old-fashioned revival is needed to bring this charge among the best of our appointments. May God bless and grant our brother the desire of his heart!

E. H. BOYNTON.

Rockland District.

The fact that the presiding elder has been moving, accounts for lack of news from this section. He may now be found at 31 Knox St., Thomaston.

Belfast.—Two have recently been baptized. An Epworth League has been organized on the East Side. Quite an interest is manifest at the Wood's school-house, Northport. Rev. S. L. Hanscom, pastor.

Boothbay Harbor.—Rev. F. H. Osgood has been on the sick list a few days, but is all right now.

Bremen and West Waldoboro.—The monthly report of the pastor, Rev. W. A. Meserve, shows good service in all lines.

Camden and Lincolnville.—"Everything going well, and the debt is soon to be crippled." Three-year pledges of \$5 per year have been issued. Rev. G. G. Winslow lets them go in all directions with good grace. Ask for one!

China and East Vassalboro.—Things move here in earnest. The pastor's energy is commendable. It produces results. Rev. N. R. Pearson, pastor.

Clinton, Benton, and Burnham.—Rev. J. H. Irvine's first year with this people opens well.

Cushing.—This charge is being acceptably served under great difficulties by Rev. W. H. Maffit.

Damariscotta.—Work is moving well. Rev. C. L. Banghart is to have charge of Junior work at the District League convention.

Dresden.—Rev. M. S. Preble is doing vigorous service. He expects to be assisted in October by Messrs. Allen and Jones.

East Boothbay.—Rev. V. P. Wardwell is enjoying good health, and the congregations enjoy his sermons.

Friendship and South Waldoboro.—Good reports reach us from this charge. "We are well satisfied," is the general verdict. One has recently been converted. Rev. H. R. Merithew, pastor.

Georgetown and Arrowsic.—Rev. N. J. Jones is encouraged in his work. May this charge have an old-time revival!

Montville and Palermo.—The new Sabbath-school at McFarland's Corner is doing well. A gift of books would be much appreciated. Address the superintendent, J. C. Carey, Montville. Our people at North Palermo can still shout and sing.

North Vassalboro and Vassalboro.—The pastor's wife, Mrs. W. C. Baker, who has been quite poorly since Conference, is much improved. The people at the Corner are looking forward

with much interest to an all-day quarterly meeting.

Morrill and Knox.—Rev. H. J. Holt is doing good work. Conditions at Knox are very unfavorable for support, but a good revival will change the order.

North Waldoboro.—Our remodeled church is much enjoyed, and payments are coming in on pledges. We expect to hear of improvements at Orr's Corner soon.

Pemaquid and New Harbor.—The lower lights are kept burning here, and the people walk not in darkness. All is well.

Pittston and Whitefield.—The people here are not done talking about the Association, and say that if the preachers come again they will more than fill the church. Work is moving well.

Randolph and Chelsea.—The Epworth League has raised nearly all its pledge on the chapel, and \$100 of the debt has been paid. "The way to do a thing is to do it."

Rockland.—After an absence of three weeks the pastor, Rev. C. W. Bradlee, occupied his pulpit, Aug. 11. He returns invigorated for full service. The League will send a large delegation to the district convention and the camp-meeting.

Rockport.—July 28 Rev. J. L. Folsom baptized 10 candidates—6 by sprinkling, 1 by pouring, and 3 by immersion. All were received to full membership. Others are expected to go forward soon.

Round Pond and Bristol.—Rev. G. E. Edgett is busy getting ready for the Association, and raising money for repairs on the Bristol Mills church.

Searsmont.—Rev. M. F. Bridgman has been doing more work than usual of late, and for that reason is not quite as well. A little rest will, no doubt, restore him.

Searsboro.—Dr. Fernald has returned from a two weeks' vacation. All goes well.

South Newcastle.—Much interest is being manifested. One recently began the Christian life and others are under conviction.

Southport.—Arthur W. Price, son of the pastor, recently preached in Bremen, much to the delight of the people, who remember him as a small boy when his father was stationed there.

South Thomaston and Spruce Head.—Rev. H. B. Haskell is prospering in his work. He expects to be assisted soon after camp-meeting by Jones and Allen. May they have the long-awaited-for revival!

Thomaston.—The exterior of the church building is about finished. It will present a fine appearance.

Union.—The pastor, Rev. G. B. Chadwick, is enjoying a well-earned vacation. The people are busy on their new cottage at the campground.

Unity and Troy.—Rev. S. L. Hanscom conducted a very interesting quarterly meeting here in June. The pastor, Rev. L. H. Merrill, is as busy as usual.

Waldoboro and Winslow's Mills.—All departments are in good working order, and each receives a share of vigorous attention. This society is building a cottage at Nobleboro.

Windsor and Cross Hill.—Difficulties still block the way to success. We live in hope. Rev. A. R. Fowles is doing good service.

Wiscasset.—Rev. S. A. Bender has secured Charlotte Garland as assistant pastor. He is doing excellent work at Westport. There have been several conversions.

Woodwich.—"Everything moving and up to date," is the report.

The District League convention and camp-meeting at Nobleboro, Aug. 19-25, promise to be very successful. Many interesting features have already been announced. Special trains have been arranged for at reduced rates. We expect a revival camp-meeting.

The meeting of the district stewards will be Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 1 P. M. W. W. O.

New Hampshire Conference.

Manchester District.

Spofford Lake is in the bounds of Chesterfield charge. That is where the camp-meeting spoken of in a recent issue is to be held, in charge of Rev. G. H. Clark, who is doing heroic work in this old field.

The people of Keene are enjoying the ministrations of Rev. Wm. Eakins, of Jersey City, N. J., a former pastor. He and Rev. J. Cairns exchanged churches and parsonages for July and August.

At the last visit of the presiding elder to East Derry, he baptized 4 by immersion. On the following Sunday the pastor, Rev. T. E. Cramer, baptized two young men at the altar, and they united on probation, and the four baptized the previous Sabbath were admitted into full membership. A large audience was present to witness the service. Others will unite soon.

For five consecutive Sunday mornings at Hillsboro Bridge, where Rev. T. E. Cramer is pastor, they have had to open the vestry to accommodate the large congregations, the audience-room being too small.

The Claremont Junction camp-meeting is August 20-25; Wilmot, Aug. 26-31.

Sunday, August 4, 17 were admitted into full membership at Antrim, seven of whom received the sacrament of baptism. This is a part of

(Continued on Page 12.)

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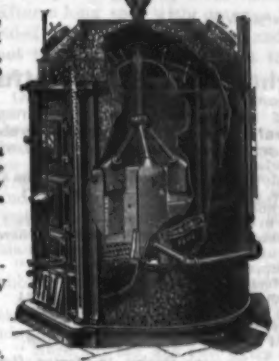
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Check all baggage to Old Orchard Beach.

The BAY VIEW porter will be there on the arrival of every train from Boston and Portland, on the Boston & Maine R. R., to meet all parties en route to Bay View, to look after all baggage, and relieve patrons of all responsibility and trouble.

The proprietors take this opportunity of assuring their old friends and patrons of their appreciation of many favors in the past, and trust by giving their personal attention to the comfort of their guests, to continue to receive their patronage in the future, as well as to meet the approbation of all new patrons.

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The Family.

A LITTLE ONE.

Emma A. Lente.

She was so little when to earth she came,
As helpless as a rose-leaf in the wind,
A dainty atom of humanity;
Yet, oh! what love and care she came to find!

She was so little when she went away,
That God's great loving angels must have smiled
On her, and opened swift their sheltering arms
To clasp the tender earth-bud, undefiled.

She was so little. Yet, O hearts that ache
With loss and longing since your hopes were given,
Rejoice to know those dimpled hands have stretched
A cord unbreakable from earth to heaven.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

The mists of morning hide the skies' deep blue,
Though wind-tossed sunflowers, gold with
noddies, bear
Their shadow-hearted splendor through the air;
And asters, glad with purple, spring anew;
But the whole August glory cannot woo
The birds to song, and twilights pale and fair
Are darkened with the swallows sailing where
Another summer waits. The heavy dew
Falls earlier, and whippoorwills complain
In forest depths. Great vivid moons arise,
Burning and fierce as passionate with pain;
And, deep within, a sense of sadness lies;
For, whatever of beauty may remain,
The soul of summer with the swallow flies.

— CARA E. WHITTON-STONE, in *Boston Commonwealth*.

Looking at a crab-apple tree in bloom,
one marvels at the Providence which joined
such flowers and such fruit. Some lives
blossom in just such fragrant promise, yet
afterward bear crab-apples. — *Presbyterian*.

There is nothing so small but that we may
honor God by asking His guidance of it, or
insult Him by taking it into our own hands.
— *Ruskin*.

When we have a willing mind, everything
good and beautiful and true conspires to
help us. All nature then becomes pervaded
with a diviner beauty, and we see God
everywhere present in the advancing or re-
ceding year. He smiles upon us in the sun-
rise or sunset; He seems to hold us in His
embracing arms in the long summer days.
Our life then grows more full of God. All
its events have a providential meaning.
None arrive by blind chance or stern ne-
cessity. Our friends come to us from God;
when they leave us, they go to Him. Thus,
having nothing, we possess all things. In
one sense, nothing is ours; in another, all
things are ours. Of ourselves and by our-
selves we are nothing, but in God we have
all things. For all things are tending in-
evitably toward that great consummation of
being which we desire. All things are
working together for good while we love
God. — *James Freeman Clarke*.

"I have desired," says King Alfred the
Great, "to live worthily while I have lived,
and after my life to leave the men that
should be after me a remembrance in good
works." How lofty the simple words are!
Duty, not romantic achievement, is the aim
of his life; not to do some "great thing,"
but the right thing — the right thing being
simply what God gave him to do. He
seems to have felt in his inmost being that
each man was sent into the world, not to
live like some one else, but to do his own
work and bear his own burden — precisely
the one work which God has given him,
and which can never be given to or done by
another. — *Elizabeth Charles*.

I may not tread the path He trod
In famed Judea's land,
But I can walk as near to God
As those who touched His hand;
I may not climb the vine-clad hills
Nor stand on Olive's height,
But when His truth my vision fills,
I see a grander sight!

Tho' to my gaze may be denied
The light of Orient skies,
No distance can from Him divide,
If love anoint mine eyes.
With Christ the thorniest shrub that grows
Burns with celestial flame,
And duty blooms like Sharon's rose,
For Christ dwells there "the same."

— A. N. WHITMAN, in *London Freeman*.

As Jacob lay dying in his hieroglyphed
chamber, not far from the Pyramids, his
face shadowed by approaching death, but
aglow with the light of the world to which
he was going, he told how Shiloh, the
Peaceful One, the Peace-giver, should come
to give peace to men. Weary generations
passed by, and still He came not, until at
length there stood among men One whose
outward life was full of sorrow and toil,
but whose sweet, calm face mirrored the
unbroken peace that reigned within His
breast. He was the promised Peace-giver.
He had peace in Himself; for He said:
"My peace." He had the power of pass-
ing that peace on to others; for He said:
"My peace I give unto you." Why should
not each reader of these lines receive the
peace which Jesus had Himself, and which

He waits to give to every longing and re-
cipient heart?

A poor woman timidly asked the garden-
er of a gentleman's hothouse if he would
sell her just one bunch of grapes for her
dying child. He gruffly threatened to sum-
mon the police unless she quickly left the
place. But as she sadly turned away, she
was recalled by a girlish voice bidding her
stay, asking her story, and insisting on her
having as many bunches as she could carry
with her. And when she offered her few
half-pence in return, she was met by the
sweet, laughing answer: "Nay, my poor
woman, this is my father's hothouse; we
don't sell grapes here, but we are very
pleased to give them. Take them and
welcome for your dying child." It is so
that Jesus gives His peace to all weary,
tired ones. Why not to you? — *F. B. Meyer*.

A visitor to Amsterdam wished to hear
the wonderful music of the chimes of St.
Nicholas, and went up into the tower of the
church to hear it. There he found a man
with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding
on a keyboard. All he could hear was the
clanging of the keys when struck by the
wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening
noise of the bells close over his head. He
wondered why the people talked of the
marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his
ear there was no music in them, nothing but
terrible clatter and clanging. Yet, all the
while, there floated out over and beyond
the city the most entrancing music. Men
in the fields paused in their work to listen,
and were made glad. People in their homes,
and travelers on the highway, were thrilled
by the marvelous bell-notes that fell from
the tower.

There are many lives which to those who
dwell close beside them seem to make no
music. They pour out their strength in
hard toil. They are shut up in narrow
spheres. They dwell amid the noise and
clatter of common task-work. They think
themselves that they are not of any use,
that no blessing goes out from their life.
They never dream that sweet music is made
anywhere in the world by their noisy ham-
mering. But out over the world, where the
influence goes from their work and charac-
ter, human lives are blessed, and weary
ones hear, with gladness, sweet, comforting
music. Then away off in heaven, where
angels listen to earth's melody, entrancing
strains are heard. — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

OBEY'S IDEA.

N. A. M. Roe.

"When a woman wills, she will,
You may depend on't;
But if she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't."

HE was tighter'n the bark to er tree,
coz some trees, 'specially birchen
trees, ye ken peel off the bark, but ye
couldn't never peel off no kind er subscrip-
tions for nothin' off Obed. His wife 'n darter
they wore most any old things till Julie
went ter work down ter the Center, when
she got herself some clothes an' fixed her
mother up real pooty, an' it never cost
Obed er cent. An' he brags 'bout his sma't
darter! I'd think 'twould choke him.

One winter his old barn fell down, an' he
left his cattle out some pooty cold nights,
an' the s'leo'men they told him he must put
his critters under cover; so he piled up a
few boards on some posts, an' that hed ter
do fer 'em all winter — an' I tell ye 'twas
an awful cold winter, too. He 'lowed he
was goin' ter build in ther spring, an' of
course they couldn't say he warn't, so they
let him git arlong 's best he could, coz they
didn't want ter carowd any man unrea-
sonable.

Wal, the summer wuz er gittin' by, an'
there warn't no barn in sight. Julie come
home fer er spell, an' she told her pa she'd
put in what she hed, an' he'd better start the
new barn right off; an' he wuz tickled ez most
anything ter git thet barn built 'thout
drawin' his money outen the bank. Julie
made the plans an' hired the men ter begin,
an' it wuz goin' on splendidly when she
went back ter her work; but she sent mon-
ey, an' long in Octoby 'twas done ready ter
paint. 'Twarn't no great er barn, not
big nor handsome, but jes' oom'ferble like,
an' tight an' warm, an' there wuz er little
room on one side fer the buggy, an' the
sleigh wuz in the loft, an' it wuz reel conven-
ient inside, an' the cattle all hed er winder,
coz Julie said they ought ter hev air jes like
other folks.

Wal, Julie didn't take all her vacation in
the summer, coz she said she wanted ter
come home later an' see the new barn; an'
so, long the last of Octoby, she come home
ergin, an' she writ her mother beforehand
that there wuz jest one thing she wuz er
goin' ter hev while she wuz home, an' thet
wuz —

Wal, I tell ye she raised er rumpus when
she told what she wanted ter do. Her
father he got hoppin', an' he jes' stood an'
delivered ez I've read the robbers in ther
books told their victims ter dew.

"I know ye think ye've ben doin' good
ter provide money ter build that barn, but

I could hev built thet ther barn. I hed
plenty er money, an' I'd er hed some left
too, er consider'ble pile, but I knew ye'd
lay it out on gimcracks er suthin ef I didn't
let ye put it inter the barn, an so I done it
ter save yer money fer ye. But jes' coz
ye've hed your say 'bout the barn, ye
carn't hev it 'bout everything. Now you
hear me! I ain't er goin' ter hev no mis-
sion s'ciety, ner church s'ciety, ner no com-
in' tergether er no folks in this house! It's
pound cake an' plums an' er dozen loaves
er bread, for them women is powerful eat-
ers, an' 'twould take like enough er whole
ham ter fill their stomachs, an' I carn't ef-
ford ter dew it, I tell ye; and Obed Means
went out to do the reg'lar evenin' milkin',
an' Julie she jes' set there er takin' no
notice an' jes' ez unconcerned ez ef he wuz er
tellin' how tickled he'd be ter hev 'em.

Fer years 'n years Mis' Means hed ben er
wishin' she could hev the sewin' s'ciety, an'
Julie she sed she should hev it when they
got things fixed, an' now wuz the time.
They'd got a new cheer in the front room,
an' Julie she covered the old settle so 't
looked most like er new one, an' they'd got
er new stair carpet an some other things,
an' the fence wuz mended an' the wood
wuz piled up straight, an' there warn't no
earthly reason they couldn't hev it; an' she
guessed ef she asked her father he would
let 'em, an' she'd go round an' see the
members, an' she'd ask Mis' Cane ter
trade times so't they could hev it while she,
Julie, wuz ter home. But when she spoke
ter her father he jes' said she couldn't, an'
thet ended it.

Wal, Julie she waited till next day, an'
then she took her mother one side an'
talked er spell, an' her mother said she
hadn't darst to; an' Julie talked some
more, an' her mother cried — ye see I wuz
there er visitin' an' I dew say thet I felt
sorry fer Julie, fer ef Obed is my brother
he's an awful tight man. I 'spose 'twas
born in him, an' we carn't make over what
the Lord hes created, but I dew think He
skipped the pattern when He made Obed.
But thet ain't nither here ner there. Pooty
soon Julie she let me inter the secret, an' I
hed to giggle, fer I wuz er plannin' ter give
Obed er piece er my mind, an' here Julie
she'd settled it all ez nice an' not er word
said. I dunno when I felt so tickled 'bout
anything ez I wuz then.

Wal, Julie she wuz gone all the after-
noon, an' when she come back she said
'twas all right; an' next day we went ter
work an' I bet I stunned more plums 'n I
ever did before er sence, an' Marthy she
batted up butter 'n sugar, an' Julie she
wuz happy ez er lark, an' every once in er
while she'd hug her mother, an' Marthy
she'd git all red round the eyes an' kinder
sniff an' say she wished she could sneeze
an' be done weth it; but I guess 'twarn't
sneezin', but jes Julie, that effected her.

Thursday come, an' Julie she kerried out
cheers an' them flincky cushions made
outen suthin' they call bubble cloth, an'
then when 'twas time she went out ter the
buggy room an' I stayed in the house, an'
when they begun ter come I sent 'em right
round ter the barn, an' Marthy she showed
'em inter the buggy room, an' there wuz
Julie who made 'em ter home; an' it did
look pooty, fer she'd fixed it up wonderful.
Ye see the barn warn't quite done, an' the
buggy and ploughs an' things hadn't been
moved in, an' the room wuz new, an' she'd
borrowed er stove run by karsene which
hed three weeks an' er iron piece on top
she sed wuz er heater, an' it did do beauti-
fully. I shall have one fer my own ben'fit
when I go home, ef Obed dooz say I'd better
save my money. I ain't tight ef I dew go
'thout butter sometimes ter save it. I call
thet self-sacrificin', I dew.

Wal, ter go on, she hed branches er red
leaves, an' it did look pooty. Of course the
wimen thought 'twas kind er funny ter be
sent ter the barn, but Julie she took it as
a matter of course an' told every one 'twas
her pa's idea, an' she thought 'twas so nice
— 'twas er kind er eris'nin', so ter
speak; an' when 'twas time fer Obed ter git
home — he'd ben up country ter git er cow
he'd ben hankerin' arter fer some time — I
jes' met him ez I hed the rest, and told him
they wuz er hev'in' supper in the buggy
room ter the new barn, an' wouldn't he
take out this basket of sandwiches? An'
I declare for't, ef he didn't take the bask-
et, an' clear fer the barn 'thout er word.
I wuz struck! Wal, the minute he opened
the door, all the wimen an' what men there
wuz begun ter tell what a fine idea of his
'twas, an' how they'd never er thought of
it, an' 'twas wuth waitin' fer to hev er
place so different from any they'd ever hed
 afore. An' I guess Obed wuz s'prised
inter likin' it, too, fer he jes' jined right in,
an' they did hev er jolly time; fer Obed

ken be good comp'ny when he's er mind
thet way. I wish 'twas often'er.

When Mis' Cane went away, she invit-
ed Obed reel cordial ter come ter sup-
per ter her house when they met there,
an' said, if she hedn't no new barn, she'd
give him some new pork thet wuz prime;
an' I declare for't, ef he didn't go, an' he's
ben reg'lar ever sence! An' er year from
thet time he up an' asked Julie ef 'twarn't
their turn, an' I'm beat ef he didn't buy er
new rug fer the front room, an' tell Julie
she could hev it papered ef she wanted to.
An' he told me, kinder sly like, that he
didn't like ter cross Julie coz she wuz ser
ama't he didn't know what she might dew;
an' I told him he needn't never be erfrad
she'd do anything he couldn't be proud of
— an' I dew think there ain't another
woman who'd er got round Obed. I know
thet I couldn't; an' Marthy never'd tried;
but Julie she says her pa's er dreadful good-
hearted man, only ye got ter be 'quainted
weth him. An' I guess there is er differ-
'tween knowin' er body er good while, an'
bein' erquainted weth 'em.

Worcester, Mass.

About Women.

— It is proposed to build a memorial to Mrs.
Mary T. Lathrap, in connection with the Amer-
ican Temperance University at Harriman, Ten-
nessee, of which she was a trustee. The mem-
orial will take form as Lathrap Chapel, and be
connected with Fisk Memorial Hall.

— The *Union Signal* says: "One of the most
important features of the World's W. C. T. U.
Convention was the appointment of Miss Mary
F. Denton, of Kyoto, Japan, our resident mis-
sionary, at a salary of \$800 a year. Miss Denton
is from California, and held an excellent posi-
tion as a high school teacher in that State. She
is in her prime, has splendid health, under-
stands the Japanese language and is a devoted
white-ribboner."

— Mrs. Catherine C. McDonald, of Maspeth,
L. I., who was educated in the Perkins Insti-
tution for the Blind, South Boston, is an active,
helpful woman. She originated the thought of
a Home for Blind Women, gathered funds, in-
terested other women, and has this summer
seen the fruition of her hopes and plans. A
Home has been opened in Maspeth under favor-
able auspices. A monthly magazine called *Our
Home Record* has been started, in the interests
of the Home. It is edited and published by
Augusta Lewis.

— Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, corre-
sponding secretary of the National Woman's
Christian Temperance Union, has made a trip
through the Southern States, traveling 3,500
miles, attending 47 meetings, giving 30 address-
es, and organizing six W. C. T. U.'s, all in the
space of 38 days.

— The women of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, South, support 35 missionaries in
China, Mexico, and Brazil. The society
through which they work has 1,834 auxiliaries,
with 37,330 members, and 2,312 young people's
and juvenile societies, with 28,545 members — a
total of 67,586 members.

— An important gift of books has been made
to the New York Normal College, as a memorial
of the late Joanna Mitchell Neustadt, formerly
vice-president of the Associate Alumnae and
teacher in the college. The books composing
the memorial are in German, and the bookcase
that holds them is part of the gift. The whole
is valued at several hundred dollars. A mosaic
replica adorns the front of the case, and a
bronze tablet bears the name and offices of Mrs.
Neustadt, and the dates of her birth and death.

— A duplicate of the Willard Fountain, pre-
sented by the children of the world to Chicago
in the Columbian year, and called the "Little
Cold Water Girl," is to be placed on the West-
minster Embankment, London, and called the Som-
erset Fountain, in honor of Lady Henry Somers-
et. The children of Great Britain have aided
in collecting the funds, and Mr. George Wade,
the celebrated London sculptor, has executed the
work, although the design was that of Miss
Anna A. Gordon, of Boston, superintendent of
temperance work among children of the White
Ribbon Army.

— Rev. Robert Collyer writes in the *Ladies'
Home Journal*: "Thirty years ago I went over
to my old home in England, after an absence of
fifteen years, to find the woman who most in-
fluenced me — my mother. She was sitting in
the old rocking-chair where she had nursed all
her children, but could not rise at once because
the sudden shock of her joy held her there some
moments, and the years had wrought such a
change in me that she looked up with a touch
of wonder; but when I said 'Mother,' she held
out her arms and cried, 'My lad, I did not know
thy face, but I know thy voice.' There were
only a few threads of silver in her hair when I
left home, but now it had grown all white. I
noticed the threads coming soon after my fa-
ther died suddenly, while he was working at his
anvil on a blazing July day twenty-one years
before this time, and she was much changed
now; but not at all for the worse with the years,
only, I thought, as a sound, r. Boston, Mass.
toward the perfect ripeness."

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words never be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

THE PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Louisa A'hmsty Nash.

I READ the other day the names of four women who had done more for the uplift of humanity than any others, but who, from not being famous in the literary world, have not the halo around them that they deserve. The last of these four was the Pundita Ramabai, the little widow's friend of Hindustan. Among a certain circle the small, dark-eyed woman, with her beamingly intelligent face and her white, flowing, native drapery, was known a few years ago in this country, and "Ramabai Associations" were formed to help her in the arduous work she had set herself to accomplish in her own land. All who caught an inspiration from her Oriental fervor then, will be interested in some of the events of her checkered life.

Ramabai is the one woman in India who has dared to stand forth alone as the woman's friend—to rescue the little girl before she is, as child-wife, manacled body and soul as a slave to her husband's family, and to rescue the still more unhappy child-widow, should she escape the "suttee" (burning on her husband's funeral pile), from dragging out a degraded life of humiliation and misery.

As a child of eight her heart became alive to the woes of women, and from that time it was set on alleviating them. The incident was this: A child-wife was spinning in the court yard where she was playing and some monkeys came and snatched away the cotton that lay beside her wheel. Whereupon the mother-in-law beat the child unmercifully herself, and then gave her over to her husband to continue the punishment. The cries and screams of the unfortunate victim set the little girl Ramabai studying forever afterwards the wherefores of such treatment of girls and women. The answers of her people that they are made wicked, or that it is their fate, did not satisfy her innate love of justice.

She herself was the daughter of a high-caste and learned priest, whose views were in advance of his age and people. To carry them out unmolested he retired with his wife and children to a lonely forest, and there imparted the knowledge to them that soled his own spirit. After the death of her parents, and when she was herself eighteen, she commenced determinedly to help her fellow-women—first by going from house to house urging their education. Hoping to find help from them she studied in vain first the Hindu sacred books, then the Brahmo Soma doctrines, and lastly the Christian's Bible. During a short spell of happy married life (about eighteen months) her purpose became vague and indefinite; but her husband, who was a learned lawyer, died suddenly from cholera, and she learned by bitter experience what it was to be a widow in India, with an infant daughter in her arms. The sense of her mission roused her, and her good education enabled her to earn a living by teaching, lecturing and writing books.

At this point the Gospel story of the "Woman of Samaria" riveted her. She saw, Mrs. School for child-widows in poor people's country people looked upon

such a scheme as preposterous and even sinful, and naturally she could collect no funds for the purpose. She had means sufficient to visit England, where godly and influential women helped her to develop her scheme, and where she was baptized into the Christian faith. She then visited this country, and Frances E. Willard took her to her warm, large heart, and many a "Ramabai Circle" revolved in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has become a synonym for the uplift of humanity. With the money collected by her lectures and her books, she at length returned to India and opened the Home for child-widows that had been for so many years the dream of her life.

Lucy Larcom says:—

"O Ramabai, may we not share thy task, almost divine?
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's, our work no less than thine.
The Power that unseals sepulchres will move thy little hand!
The stone rolls back; they rise—they breathe! the women of thy land."

Albany, Oregon.

LIFE'S TEACHING.

IT was a clear summer morning, and two ladies were sitting in a retired corner of the almost deserted piazza of a sea island hotel. A wild vine, which had been trained to run to the roof, cast flickering shadows over the sweet face of the elder lady—a face marked by the cares and griefs of more than seventy years. A book lay in her lap from which her gaze had wandered to the distance, where could be seen shadowy masts and sails of far-away vessels and, nearer by, fishing boats filled with parties of young people, whose gay songs floated back on the soft summer air, drowned now and again by the booming of the sea as it rolled in against the rocks, throwing its spray higher and higher and creeping each moment farther up the pebbly beach where the children played.

It was a lovely scene, not fully appreciated by the younger woman, whose eyes were fixed on her delicate embroidery, lifted only for an occasional glance around. Now and then a louder shout than usual would attract her attention to the children on the beach, but she returned to her work when she perceived that the cause was nothing more than a slip on the rocks, or the unexpected wetting of adventurous feet by the fast rising tide. By and by a group of little girls, with one or two white-capped nurses, came up the broad plank walk from the beach. They were full of fun and laughter, pushing and jostling each other and chattering like so many birds, when one little girl suddenly detached herself from the crowd and ran hastily up the piazza steps. To a true child lover she was a winsome picture, in spite of her sun-burned face and tangled, wind-tossed curls. Her tanned shoes were covered with wet sand and her pretty blue flannel dress showed the effects of reckless climbing among slippery rocks and quick runs from tricking waves. She carried in both brown hands a pretty sailor hat filled with spoils of the sea, and the salt water dripped ominously from the improvised basket. As she spied the ladies in the corner she ran towards them, exclaiming, "O mamma! see what lovely, lovely things!" and dropped the dripping hat in the younger lady's lap.

With an exclamation, the lady started to her feet, sending the contents of the hat in every direction.

"Margaret Gordon," said she, "did any one ever see such a child? You have ruined your hat, and look what a fright you have made of yourself. Go to my room at once, and stay there till I come. No," as the child stooped to pick up her scattered treasures, "let that rubbish alone. You have made me work enough with it already."

The brightness faded from the eager little face, and with a sullen pout the child turned away and slowly disappeared into the hotel, while the mother, with a vexed look and an impatient hand, brushed the salt drops from her delicate gown. With a look of tenderest pity, the gray-haired woman followed the lagging steps until the little girl was out of sight. Then, after a moment's silence, she said, "My dear, I am old enough to be your mother. May I speak plainly to you?"

"Certainly you may. You know you may say anything you like to me. I know you think I was cross to Margaret, but she is such a trying child. I never saw any one so careless. Why, she has really spoiled almost everything she has on, and she looked so sweet two hours ago."

"Yes, dear, I understand. It is trying for you and for her too. But can you listen while I tell you a little story? You know my two sons, but I do not know whether you have ever heard that I once had a daughter, my youngest. I think she would have been about your age. I was delighted when she came to me. I thought a daughter would be such a companion, and with her I could indulge the love for dress which had always been a ruling passion with me. We were not rich, but I was willing to work hard and pinch myself to make my daughter look as well as the best. How gladly I did it all, how proud I was of her, and how dearly I loved her, but I did not make her happy."

As Nellie grew she seemed more boyish in her tastes than either of her brothers. She fol-

lowed them about, and joined in their play, and grew rosy and strong by the running and climbing which spoiled the delicate clothes which I insisted upon her wearing. I fretted at her, while she fretted under the restrictions imposed by her dress. Especially was she worried by the white aprons which I delighted to make for her, and she begged in vain that she might have strong gingham aprons such as her schoolmates wore. But my pride was stronger than my love, and I could not bear to have my daughter wear coarse and common clothes, so I sewed and fretted, and poor Nellie had a sad time. Does it seem possible that I could have been so blind? I had a wild rose growing pink and fragrant in air and sunshine, and I grieved because I could not change it to a hothouse lily. Instead of feeling thankful for my darling's health and vigor and many lovely traits, I mourned because she was her own bright self and strove vainly to make her as weak and foolish as her mother. One morning, as I put on a new ruffled apron while preparing Nellie for school, I said, 'Now, Nellie, this is Thursday, and I want you to wear this apron two days. You have had a clean apron every day this week.' She frowned as she looked down at the dainty frills and said, 'I wish it was gingham;' then, putting up her face for a kiss, she added, 'I will try to keep it clean,' and ran off to school.

"That was a busy morning for me. I had sat late at my sewing the night before and I began the day with tired nerves. One of the boys slipped into the brook, and I had him and his wet clothing to attend to. My fire went out and spoiled my bread, and a passing boy threw a stone and killed a pet duck. So when Nellie came quietly in, holding her apron rolled into a tight ball in both hands, I was not in a pleasant mood to deal with her. She had fallen down and then attempted to wash the dirt from her apron, making it look very much worse, of course. I snatched the soiled garment from her with many unkind words, and was too angry to notice the fact that she ate no dinner and went back to school without offering to say good-by. In the middle of the afternoon she came home, saying that she was ill and her throat was sore. I was frightened and sent for the doctor, who hardly needed to tell me what I felt already, that my darling had diphtheria. Its cruel work was done quickly, and four days afterward my little girl was gone. When I found that she was going, I tried to tell her how sorry I was for my cruel words, and begged her to forgive me. In a hoarse, unnatural voice she cried, 'I tried, mamma, I did try to keep it clean, but my head was dizzy, and I fell down.' Can you imagine what I suffered, what I suffer still?"

The trembling voice ceased. Mrs. Gordon rose hastily, and, stooping, kissed twice the pale cheek of her friend. Then swiftly gathering up the half-dried shells, starfish and seaweed, she heaped them again into the rumpled sailor hat and went rapidly to her room.

And the story-teller, looking through dimmed eyes out on the sea now at full tide and shimmering in the noonday sun, knew that it was not in vain that she had thus laid bare her heart's deepest wound, for another mother had taken the lesson home and would remember it. As for herself, it would be but a little while and she would see again her child in "the world that sets this right."—JUDITH WELLS, in *Congregationalist*.

Little Folks.

ERNIE'S BICYCLE.

"GRANDPA, I want a bicycle."

"Well, my dear boy, and how do you expect to get it?"

"I'll ask papa for it."

"Now, Ernie, my lad, listen to me. Your papa has lately had so many debts to pay that he cannot even buy you a fifty-cent bicycle. And besides, you will only cause your papa to be sad; for he would like to get you the wheel, but knows he cannot."

"Well, but, grandpa, I'm his only boy, and he might get it for me."

"Promise me, my lad, that you will not ask for it, and I will take you on an excursion."

Ernie promised, but to himself he decided to get a bicycle in some way or other. But he did not ask papa for it.

Grandpa kept his promise, and a nice time they had up in the mountains. The adventurous Ernie little cared for a bicycle while he could climb up steep mountain sides, or stand on the summits and glance down into the depths of the valley below them.

For a long while after the excursion he said nothing about the bicycle, and grandpa thought his restless little grandson had forgotten all about it. But not so. One day, many weeks after, he came into the room with a bound, then a hand-spring and somersault, and he was by grandpa's side. Looking up with excitement and determination pictured on his face, he said:—

"I'm going to have a bicycle, now, I tell you. Yes, I am. I said I was long ago, and I won't give up till I have it right here in this house. Oh, don't look frightened, grandpa; it won't cost you nor my papa a cent. You see, I am going to earn it."

"O, ho!" sighed grandpa. "And what

will you do to earn it? Tell me your secret."

"I'll tell you all about it, grandpa, but don't tell any one. You see, I have been promised a place as errand boy in an office down the street, for the summer, and"—

"Yes, but you can't earn a wheel during vacation time," interrupted grandpa.

"Scuse me, grandpa, but wait till I am done. The man says I'll only have five hours' work each day, and then whatever I can make when he does not need me will be my own to keep. And I have figured it out, grandpa; it will buy me a safety as nice as Ted Maine's."

Grandpa said nothing, but thought much, and watched every movement of the boy with new interest. He saw that he meant business.

But mamma had something to say about her boy being away from home so much. After a long talk with grandpa, it was decided to let him try the place, and papa was not to know anything about the bicycle part of the plan.

On the first day of the next month he began. He was up early, had the chores about the house done, and was away before grandpa was up. He was home promptly for dinner and supper that day. But after a few days he would be late quite often, and would always excuse himself by saying that he had more errands than usual. Grandpa understood, but papa remarked to mamma:—

"That boy of ours has more business about him than I had at his age."

After one month of work, Mr. Dawling, the lawyer for whom Ernie worked, paid him his month's salary, with the remark:—

"Here, my lad, are two extra dollars for faithfulness; and next month I will pay you four dollars a week, and the same hours for work."

Ernie came home with many long bounds and whistling. "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," but changing it to "When Ernie Comes Wheeling Home." He went up to his room after supper, looked the door, got down his bank, in which he had placed all the extra earned pennies, nickels and dimes—for Mr. Doane, the wealthy banker, gave him a dime every day to carry his mail to the post-office. He sat down and counted aloud:—

"Let's see, now. Here is \$12 from the office, \$2.00 from Mr. Doane, the banker, and then all the other errands amount to let me see—the \$2 gift from Mr. Dawling—well, I have \$6.80 besides that. All told, I have \$23.40."

He was just going to jump for joy, but he thought they would wonder downstairs what was wrong.

He went down to supper a little late, but happy. Every one noticed it and asked the reason for it. But he simply said that everything had gone well that day, and that he had put his wages into his bank for safe keeping.

We cannot follow him through the remaining days of his vacation, but ask you to go with me to his room two months later. Peep in at the open door, and what do you see? A boy with coat off, busy counting money, and putting down the amounts in a ledger he had made from a bank-book. After all was counted he rolled over on the floor, and then tumbled on the bed awhile; got an old tin life and played "Hurrah, boys, hurrah," with a different meaning from that his grandpa gave to it.

When he came down to supper that evening he looked at grandpa, and that delighted old soul nodded, as if to say, "Tell your story, boy." With this permission Ernie told his plans and how well they had worked.

"Have you enough to buy a safety with?" said papa.

"Well, yes and no. You see, papa, I wanted a good standard make, and they cost \$125. I have worked hard to reach that amount, but I have only \$100 in my bank. But I tell you, papa, when a man can pay cash he gets a better wheel for the money than when he asks credit. I learned that from Mr. Dawling."

"Good boy! Good speech!" said grandpa. Then he confessed how he had kept Ernie's secret.

"Now it is my turn," said papa. "I noticed how active my boy was, and how he was always prompt to go to work, and willing to please everybody; and, with all that, he never slighted his work at home. Then, too, Mr. Dawling said that he had been a faithful boy and should come back next year, without fail."

"But I am not done," continued papa. "I have taken new courage by your zeal, and my business has prospered, too, even beyond my expectations. You need not worry about the bicycle, for I ordered one for you today, to be here by your birthday, not knowing you were planning to get one. You can loan me the money you have saved, and I will pay you interest on it, and when you get to be twenty-one years old, you will have quite a nice little fortune."

Ernie could do nothing but consent, and his joy knew no bounds. He got his bicycle, kept on doing odd errands after school hours, and the next year was office boy for Mr. Dawling.

A few years later he was sent to school. Today he is a law partner in the firm of Dawling & Stemen, and doing a large business.

My boy friends, if you have anything to do, do it well. Ernie is not the only boy that has prospered by his zeal and pluck, and you may be one of that number if you will. "Think about it, then act."—*Christian World*.

The Family.

A LITTLE ONE.

Emma A. Lente.

She was so little when to earth she came,
As helpless as a rose-leaf in the wind,
A dainty atom of humanity;
Yet, oh! what love and care she came to find!

She was so little when she went away,
That God's great loving angels must have smiled
On her, and opened swift their sheltering arms
To clasp the tender earth-bud, undecid.

She was so little. Yet, O hearts that ache
With loss and longing since your hopes were given,
Rejoice to know those dimpled hands have stretched
A cord unbreakable from earth to heaven.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

The mists of morning hide the skies' deep blue,
Though wind-tossed sunflowers, gold with
noontides, bear
Their shadow-hearted splendor through the air;
And eaders, glad with purple, spring anew;
But the whole August glory cannot woo
The birds to song, and twilights pale and fair
Are darkened with the swallows sailing where
Another summer waits. The heavy dew
Falls earlier, and whippoorwills complain
In forest depths. Great vivid moons arise,
Burning and fierce as passionate with pain;
And, deep within, a sense of sadness lies;
For, whatso'er of beauty may remain,
The soul of Summer with the swallow flies.

— CARA E. WHITON-STONE, in *Boston Commonwealth*.

Looking at a crab-apple tree in bloom,
One marvels at the Providence which joined
such flowers and such fruit. Some lives
blossom in just such fragrant promise, yet
afterward bear crab-apples. — *Presbyterian*.

There is nothing so small but that we may
honor God by asking His guidance of it, or
insult Him by taking it into our own hands.
— *Ruskin*.

When we have a willing mind, everything
good and beautiful and true conspires to
help us. All nature then becomes pervaded
with a diviner beauty, and we see God
everywhere present in the advancing or re-
ceding year. He smiles upon us in the sun-
rise or sunset; He seems to hold us in His
embracing arms in the long summer days.
Our life then grows more full of God. All
its events have a providential meaning.
None arrive by blind chance or stern ne-
cessity. Our friends come to us from God;
when they leave us, they go to Him. Thus,
having nothing, we possess all things. In
one sense, nothing is ours; in another, all
things are ours. Of ourselves and by our-
selves we are nothing, but in God we have
all things. For all things are tending in-
evitably toward that great consummation of
being which we desire. All things are
working together for good while we love
God. — *James Freeman Clarke*.

"I have desired," says King Alfred the
Great, "to live worthily while I have lived,
and after my life to leave the men that
should be after me a remembrance in good
works." How lofty the simple words are!
Duty, not romantic achievement, is the aim
of his life; not to do some "great thing,"
but the right thing—the right thing being
simply what God gave him to do. He
seems to have felt in his inmost being that
each man was sent into the world, not to
live like some one else, but to do his own
work and bear his own burden—precisely
the one work which God has given him,
and which can never be given to or done by
another. — *Elizabeth Charles*.

I may not tread the path He trod
In famed Judea's land,
But I can walk as near to God
As those who touched His hand;
I may not climb the vine-clad hills
Nor stand on Olive's slope,
But when His truth my vision fills,
I see a grander sight!

Tho' to my gaze may be denied
The light of Orient skies,
No distance can from Him divide,
If love anoint mine eyes.
With Christ the thorniest shrub that grows
Burns with celestial flame,
And duty blooms like Sharon's rose,
For Christ dwells there "the same."

— A. N. WHITMAN, in *London Freeman*.

As Jacob lay dying in his hieroglyphed
chamber, not far from the Pyramids, his
face shadowed by approaching death, but
aglow with the light of the world to which
he was going, he told how Shiloh, the
Peaceful One, the Peace-giver, should come
to give peace to men. Weary generations
passed by, and still He came not, until at
length there stood among men One whose
outward life was full of sorrow and toll,
but whose sweet, calm face mirrored the
unbroken peace that reigned within His
breast. He was the promised Peace-giver.
He had peace in Himself; for He said:
"My peace." He had the power of pass-
ing that peace on to others; for He said:
"My peace I give unto you." Why should
not each reader of these lines receive the
peace which Jesus had Himself, and which

He waits to give to every longing and re-
cipient heart?

A poor woman timidly asked the garden-
er of a gentleman's hothouse if he would
sell her just one bunch of grapes for her
dying child. He gruffly threatened to sum-
mon the police unless she quickly left the
place. But as she sadly turned away, she
was recalled by a girlish voice bidding her
stay, asking her story, and insisting on her
having as many bunches as she could carry
with her. And when she offered her few
half-pence in return, she was met by the
sweet, laughing answer: "Nay, my poor
woman, this is my father's hothouse; we
don't sell grapes here, but we are very
pleased to give them. Take them and
welcome for your dying child." It is so
that Jesus gives His peace to all weary,
tired ones. Why not to you? — *F. B. Meyer*.

A visitor to Amsterdam wished to hear
the wonderful music of the chimes of St.
Nicholas, and went up into the tower of the
church to hear it. There he found a man
with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding
on a keyboard. All he could hear was the
clanging of the keys when struck by the
wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening
noise of the bells close over his head. He
wondered why the people talked of the
marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his
ear there was no music in them, nothing but
terrible clatter and clanging. Yet, all the
while, there floated out over and beyond
the city the most entrancing music. Men
in the fields paused in their work to listen,
and were made glad. People in their homes,
and travelers on the highway, were thrilled
by the marvelous bell-notes that fell from
the tower.

There are many lives which to those who
dwell close beside them seem to make no
music. They pour out their strength in
hard toil. They are shut up in narrow
spheres. They dwell amid the noise and
clatter of common task-work. They think
themselves that they are not of any use,
that no blessing goes out from their life.
They never dream that sweet music is made
anywhere in the world by their noisy ham-
mering. But out over the world, where the
influence goes from their work and charac-
ter, human lives are blessed, and weary
ones hear, with gladness, sweet, comforting
music. Then away off in heaven, where
angels listen to earth's melody, entrancing
strains are heard. — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

OBED'S IDEA.

N. A. M. Roe.

"When a woman wills, she will,
You may depend on't;
But if she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't."

HE was tighter'n the bark to er tree,
coz some trees, 'specially birchen
trees, ye ken peel off the bark, but ye
couldn't never peel off no kind er subscrip-
tions for nothin' off Obed. His wife 'n darter
they were most any old things till Julie
went ter work down ter the Center, when
she got herself some clothes an' fixed her
mother up reel pooty, an' it never cost
Obed er cent. An' he brags 'bout his sma't
darter! I'd think 'twould choke him.

One winter his old barn fell down, an' he
left his cattle out some pooty cold nights,
an' the s'leo'men they told him he must put
his critters under cover; so he piled up a
few boards on some posts, an' thet hed ter
do ter 'em all winter — an' I tell ye 'twas
an awful cold winter, too. He 'lowed he
wuz goin' ter build in ther spring, an' of
course they couldn't say he warn't, so they
let him git erlong 's best he could, coz they
didn't want ter carowd any man unrea-
sonable.

Wal, the summer wuz er gittin' by, an'
there warn't no barn in sight. Julie come
home fer er spell, an' she told her pa she'd
put in what she hed, an' he'd better start the
new barn right off; an' he wuz tickled ez most
anything ter git thet barn built 'thout
drawin' his money outen the bank. Julie
made the plans an' hired the men ter begin,
an' it wuz goin' on splendidly when she
went back ter her work; but she sent mon-
ey, an' long in Octoby 'twas done ready ter
paint. 'Twarn't no great er er barn, not
big nor harnsome, but jes' com'feible like,
an' tight an' warm, an' there wuz er little
room on one side fer the buggy, an' the
sleigh wuz in the loft, an' it wuz reel conven-
ient inside, an the cattle all hed er winder,
coz Julie said they ought ter hev air jes like
other folks.

Wal, Julie didn't take all her vacation in
the summer, coz she said she wanted ter
come home later an' see the new barn; an'
so, long the larst of Octoby, she come home
ergin, an' she writ her mother beforehand
that there wuz jest one thing she wuz er
goin' ter hev while she wuz home, an' thet
wuz —

Wal, I tell ye she raised er rumpus when
she told what she wanted ter do. Her
father he got hoppin', an' he jes' stood an'
delivered ez I've read the robbers in ther
books told their victims ter dew.

"I know ye think ye've ben dretful good
ter pervide money ter build thet barn, but

I could hev built thet ther barn. I hed
plenty er money, an' I'd er hed some left
too, er consider'ble pile, but I knew ye'd
lay it out on gimcracks er suthin ef I didn't
let ye put it inter the barn, an so I done it
ter save yer money fer ye. But jes' coz
ye've hed your say 'bout the barn, ye
can't hev it 'bout everything. Now you
hear me! I ain't er goin' ter hev no mis-
sion s'clety, ner church s'clety, ner no com-
in' tergether er no folks in this house! It's
pound cake an' plums an' er dozen loaves
er bread, for them women is powerful eat-
ers, an' 'twould take like enough er whole
ham ter fill their stomachs, an' I can't ef-
ford ter dew it, I tell ye;" and Obed Means
went out to do the reg'lar evenin' milkin',
an' Julie she jes' set there er takin' no no-
tice an' jes' ez unconcerned ez ef he wuz er
tellin' how tickled he'd be ter hev 'em.

Fer years 'n years Mis' Means hed ben er
wishin' she could hev the sewin' s'clety, an'
Julie she sed she should hev it when they
got things fixed, an' now wuz the time.
They'd got a new cheer in the front room,
an' Julie she covered the old settle so 't
looked most like er new one, an' they'd got
er new stair carpet an some other things,
an' the fence wuz mended an' the wood
wuz piled up straight, an' there warn't no
earthly reason they couldn't hev it; an' she
guessed ef she asked her father he would
let 'em, an' she'd go round an' see the
members, an' she'd ask Mis' Cane ter
trade times so't they could hev it while she,
Julie, wuz ter home. But when she spoke
ter her father he jes' said she couldn't, an'
thet ended it.

Wal, Julie she waited till next day, an'
then she took her mother one side an'
talked er spell, an' her mother said she
hadn't darst to; an' Julie talked some
more, an' her mother cried — ye see I wuz
there er visitin' an' I dew say thet I felt
sorry fer Julie, fer ef Obed is my brother
he's an awful tight man. I 'spose 'twas
born in him, an' we can't make over what
the Lord hex created, but I dew think He
skimped the pattern when He made Obed.
But thet ain't nither here ner there. Pooty
soon Julie she let me inter the secret, an' I
hed to giggle, fer I wuz er plannin' ter give
Obed er piece er my mind, an' here Julie
she'd settled it all ez nice an' not er word
said. I dunno when I felt so tickled 'bout
anything ez I wuz then.

Wal, Julie she wuz gone all the after-
noon, an' when she come back she said
'twas all right; an' next day we went ter
work an' I bet I stunned more plums 'n I
ever did before er sence, an' Marthy she
batted up butter n' sugar, an' Julie she
wuz happy ez er lark, an' every once in er
while she'd hug her mother, an' Marthy
she'd git all red round the eyes an' kinder
sniff an' say she wished she could sneeze
an' be done weth it; but I guess 'twarn't
sneezin', but jes Julie, thet effected her.

Thursday come, an' Julie she kerried out
cheers an' them finicky cushions made
outen suthin' they call bubble cloth, an'
then when 'twas time she went out ter the
buggy room an' I stayed in the house, an'
when they begun ter come I sent 'em right
round ter the barn, an' Marthy she showed
'em inter the buggy room, an' there wuz
Julie who made 'em ter home; an' it did
look pooty, fer she'd fixed it up wonderful.
Ye see the barn warn't quite done, an' the
buggy and ploughs an' things hadn't been
moved in, an' the room wuz new, an' she'd
borrowed er stove run by karsene which
hed three weeks an' er iron piece on top
she sed wuz er heater, an' it did do beauti-
fully. I abell have one fer my own ben'fit
when I go home, ef Obed doos say I'd better
save my money. I ain't tight ef I dew go
'thout butter sometimes ter save it. I call
thet self-sacrificin' I dew.

Wal, ter go on, she hed branches er red
leaves, an' it did look pooty. Of course the
wimen thought 'twas kind er funny ter be
sent ter the barn, but Julie she took it as
a matter of course an' told every one 'twas
her pa's idea, an' she thought 'twas so nice
— 'twas er kind ef er cris'nin', so ter
speak; an' when 'twas time fer Obed ter git
home — he'd ben up country ter git er cow
he'd ben hankerin' arter fer some time — I
jes' met him ez I hed the rest, and told him
they wuz er hevin' supper in the buggy
room ter the new barn, an' wouldn't he
take out this baraket of sandwiches? An'
I declare for't, ef he didn't take the bars-
ket an' clear fer the barn 'thout er word.
I wuz struck! Wal, the minute he opened
the door, all the wimen an' what men there
wuz begun ter tell what a fine idea of his
'twas, an' how they'd never er thought of
it, an' 'twas wuth waitin' fer to hev er
place so different from any they'd ever hed
 afore. An' I guess Obed wuz s'prised
inter likin' it, too, fer he jes' jined right in,
an' they did hev er jolly time; fer Obed

ken be good comp'ny when he's er mind
thet way. I wish 'twas of'ner.

When Mis' Cane went away, she invit-
ed Obed reel cordial ter come ter sup-
per ter her house when they met there,
an' said, if she hedn't no new barn, she'd
give him some new pork thet wuz prime;
an' I declare for't, ef he didn't go, an' he's
ben reg'lar ever sence! An' er year from
thet time he up an' asked Julie ef 'twarn't
their turn, an' I'm beat ef he didn't buy er
new rug fer the front room, an' tell Julie
she could hev it papered ef she wanted to.
An' he told me, kinder sly like, thet he
didn't like ter cross Julie coz she wuz ser-
ama't he didn't know what she might dew;
an' I told him he needn't never be afraid
she'd do anything he couldn't be proud of
— an' I dew think there ain't another
woman who'd er got round Obed. I know
thet I couldn't; an' Marthy never'd tried;
but Julie she says her pa's er dretful good-
hearted man, only ye got ter be 'quainted
weth him. An' I guess there is er diff'rence
'tween knowin' er body er good while, an'
bein' erquainted weth 'em.

Worcester, Mass.

About Women.

— It is proposed to build a memorial to Mrs.
Mary T. Lathrap, in connection with the Amer-
ican Temperance University at Harriman, Ten-
nessee, of which she was a trustee. The mem-
orial will take form as Lathrap Chapel, and be
connected with Flisk Memorial Hall.

— The *Union Signal* says: "One of the most
important features of the World's W. C. T. U.
Convention was the appointment of Miss Mary
F. Denton, of Kyoto, Japan, our resident mis-
sionary, at a salary of \$600 a year. Miss Denton
is from California, and held an excellent posi-
tion as a high school teacher in that State. She
is in her prime, has splendid health, under-
stands the Japanese language and is a devoted
white-ribboner."

— Mrs. Catherine C. McDonald, of Maspeth,
L. I., who was educated in the Perkins Insti-
tution for the Blind, South Boston, is an active,
helpful woman. She originated the thought of
a Home for Blind Women, gathered funds, in-
terested other women, and has this summer
seen the fruition of her hopes and plans. A
Home has been opened in Maspeth under favor-
able auspices. A monthly magazine called *Our
Home Record* has been started, in the interests
of the Home. It is edited and published by
Augusta Lewis.

— Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, corre-
sponding secretary of the National Woman's
Christian Temperance Union, has made a trip
through the Southern States, traveling 3,500
miles, attending 47 meetings, giving 30 address-
es, and organizing six W. C. T. U.'s, all in the
space of 38 days.

— The women of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, South, support 35 missionaries in
China, Mexico, and Brazil. The society
through which they work has 1,534 auxiliaries,
with 37,330 members, and 2,312 young people's
and juvenile societies, with 26,545 members — a
total of 67,665 members.

— An important gift of books has been made
to the New York Normal College, as a memorial
of the late Joanna Mitchell Neustadt, formerly
vice-president of the Associate Alumnae and
teacher in the college. The books composing
the memorial are in German, and the bookcase
that holds them is part of the gift. The whole
is valued at several hundred dollars. A mosaic
replica adorns the front of the case, and a
bronze tablet bears the name and offices of Mrs.
Neustadt, and the dates of her birth and death.

— A duplicate of the Willard Fountain, pre-
sented by the children of the world to Chicago
in the Columbian year, and called the "Little
Cold Water Girl," is to be placed on the Westmin-
ster Embankment, London, and called the Som-
erset Fountain, in honor of Lady Henry Somers-
et. The children of Great Britain have aided
in collecting the funds, and Mr. George Wade,
the celebrated London sculptor, has executed
the work, although the design was that of Miss
Anna A. Gordon, of Boston, superintendent of
temperance work among children of the White
Ribbon Army.

— Rev. Robert Collyer writes in the *Ladies'
Home Journal*: "Thirty years ago I went over
to my old home in England, after an absence of
fifteen years, to find the woman who most in-
fluenced me — my mother. She was sitting in
the old rocking-chair where she had nursed all
her children, but could not rise at once because
the sudden shock of her joy held her there some
moments, and the years had wrought such a
change in me that she looked up with a touch
of wonder; but when I said 'Mother,' she held
out her arms and cried, 'My lad, I did not know
thy face, but I know thy voice.' There were
only a few threads of silver in her hair when I
left home, but now it had grown all white. I
noticed the threads coming soon after my fa-
ther died suddenly, while he was working at his
anvil on a blazing July day twenty-one years
before this time, and she was much changed
now; but not at all for the worse with the years,
only, I thought, as a sound, r'ry apple changes
toward the perfect ripeness."

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying —
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

THE PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Louisa A'mutty Nash.

I READ the other day the names of four women who had done more for the uplift of humanity than any others, but who, from not being famous in the literary world, have not the halo around them that they deserve. The last of these four was the Pundita Ramabai, the little widow's friend of Hindustan. Among a certain circle the small, dark-eyed woman, with her beamingly intelligent face and her white, flowing, native drapery, was known a few years ago in this country, and "Ramabai Associations" were formed to help her in the arduous work she had set herself to accomplish in her own land. All who caught an inspiration from her Oriental fervor then, will be interested in some of the events of her checkered life.

Ramabai is the one woman in India who has dared to stand forth alone as the woman's friend — to rescue the little girl before she is, as child-wife, manacled body and soul as a slave to her husband's family, and to rescue the still more unhappy child-widow, should she escape the "suttee" (burning on her husband's funeral pile), from dragging out a degraded life of humiliation and misery.

As a child of eight her heart became alive to the woes of women, and from that time it was set on alleviating them. The incident was this: A child-wife was spinning in the court yard where she was playing and some monkeys came and snatched away the cotton that lay beside her wheel. Whereupon the mother-in-law beat the child unmercifully herself, and then gave her over to her husband to continue the punishment. The cries and screams of the unfortunate victim set the little girl Ramabai studying forever afterwards the wherefores of such treatment of girls and women. The answers of her people that they are made wicked, or that it is their fate, did not satisfy her innate love of justice.

She herself was the daughter of a high-caste and learned priest, whose views were in advance of his age and people. To carry them out unmolested he retired with his wife and children to a lonely forest, and there imparted the knowledge to them that soloed his own spirit. After the death of her parents, and when she was herself eighteen, she commenced determinedly to help her fellow-women — first by going from house to house urging their education. Hoping to find help from them she studied in vain first the Hindu sacred books, then the Brahmo Samaj doctrines, and lastly the Christian's Bible. During a short spell of happy married life (about eighteen months) her purpose became vague and indefinite; but her husband, who was a learned lawyer, died suddenly from cholera, and she learned by bitter experience what it was to be a widow in India, with an infant daughter in her arms. The sense of her mission roused her, and her good education enabled her to earn a living by teaching, lecturing and writing books.

At this point the Gospel story of the "Woman of Samaria" riveted her. She tried to start a school for child-widows in Poona, but her country people looked upon

such a scheme as preposterous and even sinful, and naturally she could collect no funds for the purpose. She had means sufficient to visit England, where godly and influential women helped her to develop her scheme, and where she was baptized into the Christian faith. She then visited this country, and Frances E. Willard took her to her warm, large heart, and many a "Ramabai Circle" revolved in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has become a synonym for the uplift of humanity. With the money collected by her lectures and her books, she at length returned to India and opened the Home for child-widows that had been for so many years the dream of her life.

Lucy Larcom says: —

"O Ramabai, may we not share thy task, almost divine?
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's, our work no less than thine.
The Power that unseals sepulchres will move thy little hand!
The stone rolls back; they rise — they breathe! the women of thy land."

Albany, Oregon.

LIFE'S TEACHING.

IT was a clear summer morning, and two ladies were sitting in a retired corner of the almost deserted piazza of a sea island hotel. A wild vine, which had been trained to run to the roof, cast flickering shadows over the sweet face of the elder lady — a face marked by the cares and griefs of more than seventy years. A book lay in her lap from which her gaze had wandered to the distance, where could be seen shadowy masts and sails of far-away vessels and, nearer by, fishing boats filled with parties of young people, whose gay songs floated back on the soft summer air, drowned now and again by the booming of the sea as it rolled in against the rocks, throwing its spray higher and higher and creeping each moment farther up the pebbly beach where the children played.

It was a lovely scene, not fully appreciated by the younger woman, whose eyes were fixed on her delicate embroidery, lifted only for an occasional glance around. Now and then a louder shout than usual would attract her attention to the children on the beach, but she returned to her work when she perceived that the cause was nothing more than a slip on the rocks, or the unexpected wetting of adventurous feet by the fast rising tide. By and by a group of little girls, with one or two white-capped nurses, came up the broad plank walk from the beach. They were full of fun and laughter, pushing and jostling each other and chattering like so many birds, when one little girl suddenly detached herself from the crowd and ran hastily up the piazza steps. To a true child lover she was a winsome picture, in spite of her sun-burned face and tangled, wind-tossed curls. Her tan-colored shoes were covered with wet sand and her pretty blue flannel dress showed the effects of reckless climbing among slippery rocks and quick runs from tricking waves. She carried in both brown hands a pretty sailor hat filled with spoils of the sea, and the salt water dripped ominously from the improvised basket. As she spied the ladies in the corner she ran towards them, exclaiming, "O mamma! see what lovely, lovely things!" and dropped the dripping hat in the younger lady's lap.

With an exclamation, the lady started to her feet, sending the contents of the hat in every direction.

"Margaret Gordon," said she, "did any one ever see such a child? You have ruined your hat, and look what a fright you have made of yourself. Go to my room at once, and stay there till I come. No," as the child stooped to pick up her scattered treasures, "let that rubbish alone. You have made me work enough with it already."

The brightness faded from the eager little face, and with a sullen pout the child turned away and slowly disappeared into the hotel, while the mother, with a vexed look and an impatient hand, brushed the salt drops from her delicate gown. With a look of tenderest pity, the gray-haired woman followed the lagging steps until the little girl was out of sight. Then, after a moment's silence, she said, "My dear, I am old enough to be your mother. May I speak plainly to you?"

"Certainly you may. You know you may say anything you like to me. I know you think I was cross to Margaret, but she is such a trying child. I never saw any one so careless. Why, she has really spoiled almost everything she has on, and she looked so sweet two hours ago."

"Yes, dear, I understand. It is trying for you and for her too. But can you listen while I tell you a little story? You know my two sons, but I do not know whether you have ever heard that I once had a daughter, my youngest. I think she would have been about your age. I was delighted when she came to me. I thought a daughter would be such a companion, and with her I could indulge the love for dress which had always been a ruling passion with me. We were not rich, but I was willing to work hard and pinch myself to make my daughter look as well as the best. How gladly I did it all, how proud I was of her, and how dearly I loved her, but I did not make her happy."

"As Nellie grew she seemed more boyish in her tastes than either of her brothers. She fol-

lowed them about, and joined in their play, and grew rosy and strong by the running and climbing which spoiled the delicate clothes which I insisted upon her wearing. I fretted at her, while she fretted under the restrictions imposed by her dress. Especially was she worried by the white aprons which I delighted to make for her, and she begged in vain that she might have strong gingham aprons such as her schoolmates wore. But my pride was stronger than my love, and I could not bear to have my daughter wear coarse and common clothes, so I sewed and fretted, and poor Nellie had a sad time. Does it seem possible that I could have been so blind? I had a wild rose growing pink and fragrant in air and sunshine, and I grieved because I could not change it to a hothouse lily. Instead of feeling thankful for my darling's health and vigor and many lovely traits, I mourned because she was her own bright self and strove vainly to make her as weak and foolish as her mother. One morning, as I put on a new ruffled apron while preparing Nellie for school, I said, 'Now, Nellie, this is Thursday, and I want you to wear this apron two days. You have had a clean apron every day this week.' She frowned as she looked down at the dainty frills and said, 'I wish it was gingham;' then, putting up her face for a kiss, she added, 'I will try to keep it clean,' and ran off to school.

"That was a busy morning for me. I had sat late at my sewing the night before and I began the day with tired nerves. One of the boys slipped into the brook, and I had him and his wet clothing to attend to. My fire went out and spoiled my bread, and a passing boy threw a stone and killed a pet duck. So when Nellie came quietly in, holding her apron rolled into a tight ball in both hands, I was not in a pleasant mood to deal with her. She had fallen down and then attempted to wash the dirt from her apron, making it look very much worse, of course. I snatched the soiled garment from her with many unkind words, and was too angry to notice the fact that she ate no dinner and went back to school without offering to say good-by. In the middle of the afternoon she came home, saying that she was ill and her throat was sore. I was frightened and sent for the doctor, who hardly needed to tell me what I felt already, that my darling had diphtheria. Its cruel work was done quickly, and four days afterward my little girl was gone. When I found that she was going, I tried to tell her how sorry I was for my cruel words, and begged her to forgive me. In a hoarse, unnatural voice she cried, 'I tried, mamma, I did try to keep it clean, but my head was dizzy, and I fell down.' Can you imagine what I suffered, what I suffer still?"

The trembling voice ceased. Mrs. Gordon rose hastily, and, stooping, kissed twice the pale cheek of her friend. Then swiftly gathering up the half-dried shells, starfish and seaweed, she heaped them again into the rumpled sailor hat and went rapidly to her room.

And the story-teller, looking through dimmed eyes out on the sea now at full tide and shimmering in the noonday sun, knew that it was not in vain that she had thus laid bare her heart's deepest wound, for another mother had taken the lesson home and would remember it. As for herself, it would be but a little while and she would see again her child in "the world that sets this right." — JUDITH WELLS, in *Congregationalist*.

Little Folks.

ERNIE'S BICYCLE.

"GRANDPA, I want a bicycle."

"Well, my dear boy, and how do you expect to get it?"

"I'll ask papa for it."

"Now, Ernie, my lad, listen to me. Your papa has lately had so many debts to pay that he cannot even buy you a fifty-cent bicycle. And besides, you will only cause your papa to be sad; for he would like to get you the wheel, but knows he cannot."

"Well, but, grandpa, I'm his only boy, and he might get it for me."

"Promise me, my lad, that you will not ask for it, and I will take you on an excursion."

Ernie promised, but to himself he decided to get a bicycle in some way or other. But he did not ask papa for it.

Grandpa kept his promise, and a nice time they had up in the mountains. The adventurous Ernie little cared for a bicycle while he could climb up steep mountain sides, or stand on the summits and glance down into the depths of the valley below them.

For a long while after the excursion he said nothing about the bicycle, and grandpa thought his restless little grandson had forgotten all about it. But not so. One day, many weeks after, he came into the room with a bound, then a hand-spring and somersault, and he was by grandpa's side. Looking up with excitement and determination pictured on his face, he said: —

"I'm going to have a bicycle, now, I tell you. Yes, I am. I said I was long ago, and I won't give up till I have it right here in this house. Oh, don't look frightened, grandpa; it won't cost you nor my papa a cent. You see, I am going to earn it."

"O, ho!" sighed grandpa. "And what

will you do to earn it? Tell me your secret."

"I'll tell you all about it, grandpa, but don't tell any one. You see, I have been promised a place as errand boy in an office down the street, for the summer, and" —

"Yes, but you can't earn a wheel during vacation time," interrupted grandpa.

"Sense me, grandpa, but wait till I am done. The man says I'll only have five hours' work each day, and then whatever I can make when he does not need me will be my own to keep. And I have figured it out, grandpa; it will buy me a safely as nice as Ted Maines'."

Grandpa said nothing, but thought much, and watched every movement of the boy with new interest. He saw that he meant business.

But mamma had something to say about her boy being away from home so much. After a long talk with grandpa, it was decided to let him try the place, and papa was not to know anything about the bicycle part of the plan.

On the first day of the next month he began. He was up early, had the chores about the house done, and was away before grandpa was up. He was home promptly for dinner and supper that day. But after a few days he would be late quite often, and would always excuse himself by saying that he had more errands than usual. Grandpa understood, but papa remarked to mamma: —

"That boy of ours has more business about him than I had at his age."

After one month of work, Mr. Dawling, the lawyer for whom Ernie worked, paid him his month's salary, with the remark: —

"Here, my lad, are two extra dollars for faithfulness; and next month I will pay you four dollars a week, and the same hours for work."

Ernie came home with many long bounds and whistling. "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," but changing it to "When Ernie Comes Wheeling Home." He went up to his room after supper, looked the door, got down his bank, in which he had placed all the extra earned pennies, nickels and dimes — for Mr. Doane, the wealthy banker, gave him a dime every day to carry his mail to the post-office. He sat down and counted aloud: —

"Let's see, now. Here is \$12 from the office, \$2.00 from Mr. Doane, the banker, and then all the other errands amount to — let me see — and the \$2 gift from Mr. Dawling — well, I have \$6.80 besides that. All told, I have \$23.40."

He was just going to jump for joy, but he thought they would wonder downstairs what was wrong.

He went down to supper a little late, but happy. Every one noticed it and asked the reason for it. But he simply said that everything had gone well that day, and that he had put his wages into his bank for safe keeping.

We cannot follow him through the remaining days of his vacation, but ask you to go with me to his room two months later. Peep in at the open door, and what do you see? A boy with coat off, busy counting money, and putting down the amounts in a ledger he had made from a bank-book. After all was counted he rolled over on the floor, and then tumbled on the bed awhile; got an old tin fife and played "Hurrah, boys, hurrah," with a different meaning from that his grandpa gave to it.

When he came down to supper that evening he looked at grandpa, and that delighted old soul nodded, as if to say, "Tell your story, boy." With this permission Ernie told his plans and how well they had worked.

"Have you enough to buy a safety with?" said papa.

"Well, yes and no. You see, papa, I wanted a good standard make, and they cost \$125. I have worked hard to reach that amount, but I have only \$100 in my bank. But I tell you, papa, when a man can pay cash he gets a better wheel for the money than when he asks credit. I learned that from Mr. Dawling."

"Good boy! Good speech!" said grandpa. Then he confessed how he had kept Ernie's secret.

"Now it is my turn," said papa. "I noticed how active my boy was, and how he was always prompt to go to work, and willing to please everybody; and, with all that, he never slighted his work at home. Then, too, Mr. Dawling said that he had been a faithful boy and should come back next year, without fail."

"But I am not done," continued papa. "I have taken new courage by your zeal-ousness, and my business has prospered, too, even beyond my expectations. You need not worry about the bicycle, for I ordered one for you today, to be here by your birthday, not knowing you were planning to get one. You can loan me the money you have saved, and I will pay you interest on it, and when you get to be twenty-one years old, you will have quite a nice little fortune."

Ernie could do nothing but consent, and his joy knew no bounds. He got his bicycle, kept on doing odd errands after school hours, and the next year was office boy for Mr. Dawling.

A few years later he was sent to school. Today he is a law partner in the firm of Dawling & Stemen, and doing a large business.

My boy friends, if you have anything to do, do it well. Ernie is not the only boy that has prospered by his zeal and pluck, and you may be one of that number if you will. Think about it, then act. — *Christian World*.

Editorial.

"AVOID CONTENTIONS."

THERE is something wrong with the man who has an unappeasable itch for controversy and contention. Both his mind and heart are awry. His views are so very narrow that he imagines he alone (and those who agree with him) is right, and all others are so absurdly wrong that a brief argument will put them to shame. And his spirit is so cantankerous that he prefers to be at loggerheads with people rather than at peace with them. Intense self-conceit and ingrained quarrelsomeness are stamped upon him who always wants to set everybody else right. People as they grow wiser and mellow lose their taste for controversy. It has been well said: "He that loves to dispute does not love God." But a calm comparison of opinions for mutual edification is always in order.

HOW TO TELL IT.

THE best man is the happiest. Only he who prays without ceasing can rejoice evermore. Only he who is full of divine love and trust has perpetual peace and praise. There are two lessons from this thought: One is that true pleasure must be sought indirectly, by the pursuit of piety. The other is that piety is best professed indirectly through the exhibition of real happiness. God is honored when we shout, if there be a genuine ring in the shout. He gets glory from our song if we sing with the heart. Bliss shining in the countenance, peace reposing in the face, joy streaming from the soul at every outlet, give a louder testimony to the possession of something which bonds and stocks cannot convey, than any amount of creed coldly confessed. Be happy! Wesley said: "He who is not happy is not a Christian."

THE OIL OF LIFE.

THE small, sweet courtesies of life smooth the thorny road and pour oil on the troubled waters. We are all burden-bearers of one sort or another. Every back knows what it is to be sore because of the weight it has to carry, and feet are weary because of the roughness of the way. Kind words are to burdened lives what oil is to the complicated piece of machinery—that which makes continued motion possible and pleasant.

True courtesy has been defined as that gentle refinement and grace of manner displayed towards others, which springs not so much from polite culture as from the sterling qualities of a genuine and well-regulated heart. It is the outcome of a universal and comprehensive love, the spirit of chivalry combined with the utmost delicacy of feeling. The late Dr. Dale described it to be the graceful and beautiful vesture of Christian charity. M. Joubert speaks of it as "the flower of human nature" in his charming *Pensées*, arguing that its fragrance constitutes the benediction of living. Courtesy is distinct from mere politeness. One is a thing of the heart; the other may be a mere trick of etiquette or expediency. Courtesy is the manners of the heart, and finds its root in the respect due to our fellows in virtue of their manhood and because of the tenderness of the bond of brotherhood which links us to them. Politeness may be deliberately adopted to serve self-interest; or it may be the conventional civility demanded by the canons of society—a lifting of the hat, a touching of the glove, a leaving of cards at the door; or it may be a free and easy geniality which involves no thoughtfulness, reverence or self-sacrifice. True courtesy must always carry in it something of the spirit of Jesus Christ, who, not without good cause, is called the Perfect Gentleman. Wherever He went and whatever He did, He always manifested a winning and thoughtful graciousness, alike to His friends at Bethany, the multitudes that waited on His ministry, and the outcasts who were stirred to nobler endeavor by the consideration of His sympathy. The Master sweetened life by the touch of perfect courtesy, and to imitation of Him all Christians are urged by the appeal of His example.

Courtesy is the oil of life in the home. Some men are pleasant everywhere but at the fireside. In business and at the social gathering their smiles are sweet and their words honeyed, but so soon as they enter their own house they are blunt, snappish, and disagreeable. They lay aside the garment of consideration which they wear only where it will be profitable in earning

silver and gold. The consequence is that the wheels of domestic life drive heavily, and the home that ought to be an earthly paradise becomes a babel of discord.

Courtesy is the oil of life in ecclesiastical controversies. The old tribute to brotherly feeling and speech—"see how those Christians love one another"—wrung from pagan lips, has changed into a sneering taunt in modern times as "polished missiles" are hurled from platform and press by the champions of differing creeds. Controversy began its evil work early. Athanasius is admired because of the stand he took against the Arians, but the admiration dwindles into saddened pity when we learn that he denominated his opponents "devils, maniacs, atheists, dogs, wolves, lions, hydras, gnats, beetles and leeches." Such a voluminous and vituperative vocabulary is not unknown in later strifes between men who ought to be brethren. Organized Christianity has always dealt too largely in anathemas. It is because dogmatists argue together and pray apart that they dip their pens in the ink of bitterness. Carrying their differences to a common throne of grace would engender that spirit of Christian courtesy which pays deference to the opinions of a brother theologian, and hopeth good things even where it cannot firmly believe good things exist. "Let us discuss the matter in a kindly spirit," were the last words of a dying divine, who thought he was present at a committee meeting. That is a golden saying for eager, contentious days when tempers are short and controversies long. We hear a great deal about being sound in the faith, but we hear far too little about being sound in charity and patience. The orthodoxy of courtesy will speedily smooth the troubled waters of controversy.

"The perfection of courtesy," writes Dr. W. B. Pope, the famous Wesleyan theologian, "is to give to every one on all occasions his human due, as interpreted by love." The true and ultimate basis of all right treatment of our fellow-men is a recognition of the respect that is their right because of their manhood. When that principle pervades society and dominates conduct, a long step will be taken towards the realization of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

THE TIME LIMIT—FALLACIES.

IT does not appear that those actively engaged in the effort to break down the time limit in our itinerancy are the ones who have weighed the subject in all its bearings with the most careful impartiality and thoroughness. This is evidenced by the superficial character of their reasonings in that interest. Indeed, it is apparent that some who are zealous in the cause see the subject in a very imperfect light, and are swayed by transparent fallacies. They assume as true what is not by any means admitted, and argue from their assumptions as from established facts. Fidelity to a great interest compels us to point out some of these unsupported assumptions.

It is claimed with much confidence that the itinerancy does not permit men of great ability to gather large churches about themselves in the cities, where they can become a power in the community. This assumes that it is desirable that the strength of the denomination be centered and centralized in a few great congregations, and that this is the only way to achieve success. It is conceded that a great church is preferable to a small one, everything else being equal; but it is not true that one great church is better than six or ten small churches, so located as to accommodate a larger number of families. The purpose of the church is to reach, accommodate, and save the largest number, and to enlist the largest number in the active work of rescuing their fellow-men. Whether the plan of centralization is the best for all the purposes for which the church exists is an open question, at least, and, therefore, the affirmative of it cannot be logically assumed and made the basis of reasoning, the same as if it were settled and not an open question. Methodism has never yet taken this ground; and whether it will ever do so, is the question that constitutes the essence of this issue, and of many others.

It is not denied that, in some of the cities, some of the non-itinerant churches have built up a few great churches, which churches give strength and credit to the denominations. In Pittsburg, for instance, the largest congregations are not Methodist; the same is true of Chicago, New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. But it is well known that in some of these cities Methodism as a denomination excels the denominations which have the few

larger churches. In Philadelphia there are over one hundred separate working Methodist churches, reaching more people, perhaps, than any other Protestant denomination. In Chicago there are one hundred and forty Methodist churches within the corporate limits of the city. These reach and influence a larger number of people, and do more for the kingdom of Christ, than could be done on the centralization policy, which would give prominence to half-a-dozen churches, and possibly as many men, and this at the expense of a score of churches and to the exclusion of a score of men who may be as effective in winning souls as are the few who obtain greater advantages and greater notoriety. This is enough to support the suggestion that the above assumption is not well enough established to become the ground of grave argument on this subject.

It is assumed, again, that the itinerancy with the time limit takes away the strongest incentive to study, and offers temptations to indolence. This is a statement to be weighed and applied where it belongs. There may be some in the ministry who need special incentives to study, beyond their sense of duty and their obligation to meet the responsibilities of their consecration; but if there are such exceptions, they are not the ones whose spirit and habits ought to determine the character of the ecclesiastical arrangements of any church for the supply of her pulpits and for carrying the Gospel to the people. The history of Methodist itinerants does not justify this reproach. When men have been wanted for college presidents, for professors, for editors, for authorship, or for any form of literary or critical work requiring scholarship of a high order, they have been found in the pastorate, working, growing and even excelling, under the time limit.

The claim is set up that the time limit prevents men from laying large plans and deep and broad foundations for church work, when they cannot know that they can remain to complete what they undertake. This, too, is sophistical, in this connection. The weakness is supposed to be in the uncertainty of the pastor's tenure. It must not be overlooked, however, that the removal of the limit does not remove the uncertainty, but rather increases it. While it makes it possible for a few to stay long in a place, it still leaves the appointment to be renewed annually, and under such conditions as to render the probability of a speedy removal stronger by odds than it is where custom establishes a reasonable expectation of continuing five years, or up to the limit, whatever that may be. The weakness is in the annual appointment, and not in the fixed number of times it may be repeated. If there be no time limit, there can be no real calculation made for more than one year for church work. Contingencies in one church force removals in another. The conditions of permanency do not exist in any one congregation. Sometimes the necessary removal of one man compels the removal of several others. This is true now, and the removal of the time limit will not alter the fact. Arbitrary removals for cause always create more friction than do others. Those caused by the limit come naturally, with due notice and preparation; but the elements of arbitrariness and uncertainty, which induce the assumed weakness, become universal as soon as the time limit is taken away.

It is assumed that the time limit drives strong men out of the pastorate. What does this mean? If anything, it is that strong men prefer the settled ministry to the itinerancy; and thus it becomes, like all other arguments against the time limit, an argument against the itinerancy itself. There are arguments against the itinerancy, we all know. These are not new. In this discussion of the time limit all the old stock arguments used by other denominations against the itinerancy during all the years Methodism has been surpassing them, are brought out and brushed up, and made to do service, just as if they had not been worn threadbare by their originators before they came into the hands of those who now pick them up and try to pass them off as new discoveries.

It is held up as a serious objection to the time limit that young men are deterred from entering the Methodist ministry. There may be truth in this. No one can dispute it, and therefore it is safe to assert it. But is it serious? Has the Methodist ministry run short of candidates or applicants? The fact is, there is no other church in the land whose supply of candidates is so abundant. Hundreds of young men, educated, devoted, talented and consecrated, are in our schools, and awaiting an open door to our Conferences. If ever

there were attractions for the most promising young men in the land, drawing them into the Methodist ministry, there are now. We largely fill our own pulpits with young men converted at our altars and trained in our schools, and furnish a goodly number of such for other churches which are less fortunate in this respect. The Methodist Church is the last one that has need to change her policy in order to draw young men into the ministry. The fact is, the proposed destruction of the time limit, if carried into effect, will close the door in the faces of young men who have the gift and grit to compete for desirable places. They will see our best pulpits filled with men who intend to grow old in their nests, who refuse to alternate so long as they can hold the favor of their people whose tastes and wishes they learn to consult; and with no fixed period for vacating, the "outs" who wish a fair chance to come in, and would have it under the time limit, give up in discouragement and look elsewhere for eligible positions. Of course, these could take a poor place and work to improve it, and now and then one would strike a growing field where he could in a short time fix himself nicely, as do some in the non-itinerant churches; but whatever encouragement comes to young men from the prospect of alternating with others in the higher grades of appointments, would certainly be diminished, if not entirely destroyed. The facts are such that in all reasonable probability the destruction of the time limit, which is after all the soul of the itinerancy, would prove a most discouraging thing to the laudable aspirations of promising young men. The subject is fruitful, and increasingly so as we look into it. It is many-sided and far-reaching. Many who, at first thought, fall in with the suggestion that the itinerancy is not destroyed but improved by the removal of the time limit, find, after deeper study, that it is utterly impossible to combine in one system the advantages of the itinerancy and the settled pastorate. It cannot be done. The notion that it can be is flattering, but deceptive. Yet, with this conviction deepening, we wait patiently to give unbiased consideration to any argument against the time limit that is not an argument against the itinerancy itself. The bare assertion that the itinerancy consists in the arbitrary power to make arbitrary removals is not sufficient.

Monument to Lovejoy.

SEVEN generations kill the prophets, but it is a hopeful sign when better generations succeed and are prepared to appreciate their virtues and to rear monuments to their memory. America has had her turn in prophet-killing, especially those who caught the first gleams of the morning in the antislavery struggle. Their audience was few but fit. The mob yet held the majority, and it was inevitable that those of the earliest forecast should perish for the witness they bore against a stupendous iniquity. Elijah P. Lovejoy moved at the head of the advancing column of liberty; he was an American Tishbite, lifting his voice against our corporate Ahab, and denouncing against him the judgments of God. He never fled to the brook Cherith to be fed by ravens; his place was in the forefront of the battle. He could have saved his life by taking his little printing-press and fleeing; but should such a man as he flee? He preferred to die rather than yield to the diabolism of slavery. To a prophet there are worse things than death. Cowardliness is worse. Self-interest is mean in the presence of right, duty and liberty. Lovejoy counted not his life dear unto him, so he could bear his testimony and hurl the message of God against the greatest wrong of the ages. The Alton mob killed him, but it did more: it lifted him into immortality, and made him a hundredfold the power against slavery he could ever have been in life. A dead prophet is mightier than an army of evil-doers, as was clear in this case.

The building of this monument tells how great the revolution in public sentiment has been. Southern Illinois was cursed with a large body of settlers from the South, who brought with them the worst political ideas of their old home, hugging the prejudices which bound them, and throwing the whole weight of their influence in the State against liberty. It is refreshing to find that the State of Illinois has appropriated \$25,000 to build a monument to her dead prophet. The appropriation is conditioned on securing subscriptions to the amount of \$12,500 more. This subscription it is proposed to raise among the citizens of Alton, which will go far to wipe the shame from their past record. The proslavery people in Missouri in formal convention once declared that the guarantees of free speech and a free press contained in the U. S. Constitution and that of Missouri were inapplicable to abolitionists. Mormons, socialists, rum-sellers and horse thieves might speak, but liberty should have no voice. But a new day dawns. The tremendous issues of that hour are passed, not to return. The country may now breathe easily and speak freely; at least in all the old free States, and ere long it will be

true of the forty-four States of the Union. The whole country is building the tombs of her old prophets.

Personals.

— Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Cool, of Sedalia, Mo., celebrated their silver wedding, Aug. 17.

— Rev. Matt. S. Hughes, of Wesley Church, Minneapolis, Minn., is summering at Chautauqua.

— The *Western* states that the health of Rev. Dr. C. F. Creighton, who is spending some time among the northern lakes, has improved.

— The *Congregationalist* characterizes Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, as one of the best of American critics of literature.

— Rev. Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, who has been suffering with nervous prostration, has gone to Europe to regain his strength.

— Rev. J. C. Davison, of our Japan Mission, arrived in San Francisco a few days ago. He will spend a month with his family in Berkeley, Cal., returning to his field Sept. 12.

— Rev. H. D. Weston, D. D., pastor of First Church, Brooklyn, honored this office with his presence last week. Dr. Weston preached last Sunday at Dorchester Church, greatly to the delight of his old parishioners.

— The *Martha's Vineyard Herald* of last week observes: "Rev. Frederick N. Upham and family of Boston, and Rev. Frank B. Upham and family of Brooklyn, are spending their vacation with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. S. F. Upham."

— The *Central* says: "Bishop Vincent has granted the use of the College Hall at Chautauqua for the celebration of mass on Sunday mornings until such time as the Catholics at that place will be able to construct a chapel of their own."

— The death of Rev. R. W. Black, one of the oldest members of the Baltimore Conference, is announced. He had passed the last few years in retirement, except for educational and charitable work, with which he had been occupied. He was a trustee and one of the incorporators of the Woman's College. He was connected with the management of the Kelso Home.

— Adam Clarke is buried at Portrush, Ireland, and the obelisk which marks his grave has for a long time been nearly obliterated. Mr. R. B. Davis, an interested layman, at his own expense, has had the centre stone upon which the inscription is cut painted in imitation of white marble and the lettering renewed. The inscription is now perfectly legible from the roadway, and the whole appearance of the monument is greatly improved.

— Miss Hilda Larson, of Evanston, Ill., left last week for Africa, to engage in mission work at Vivi, on the Congo River. She expects to sail from New York, Aug. 24, and from Liverpool Sept. 4. She will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Oman and child. Mr. Oman is a layman who has had marked success in evangelistic work. He will also make Vivi his centre of work, though, for the present, he will be employed on Bishop Taylor's mission steamer on the Congo.

— Rev. Milton S. Vall has undertaken to raise about \$2,000 so as to secure the library of the late Dr. H. B. Ridgeway for the theological school at Tokyo, Japan. There are about thirty young Japanese graduates of our theological schools in that country, and of colleges and theological schools in the United States, now connected with our Japan Conference, who can read English books, and whose craving for the knowledge to be obtained from them is as great as that found in any Conference in our own country.

— A quiet home wedding occurred in Temple, N. H., Aug. 13, the contracting parties being Rev. Bertrand P. Judd, pastor of the churches at Henniker and Hillsboro Centre, and Miss Annie Laura Rockwood, of Temple. Rev. T. E. Cramer, of Hillsboro Bridge, officiated. Mr. Judd is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and Boston University School of Theology. Miss Rockwood is a graduate of the State Normal School at Plymouth, and has been very successful as a teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Judd started at once upon a trip to Ohio. They will return early in September to occupy the parsonage in Henniker.

— The *Springfield Republican* contains the following interesting reference to Dr. William Rice:—

"Miss Irene E. Parmelee has finished the portrait of Rev. Dr. William Rice upon which she has been working from time to time during several months, and has achieved a marked success in more than the technical excellences which are always to be counted on in her portraits. It is a portrait simply, and not a figure piece. Dr. Rice is represented sitting in a plain wooden arm-chair, of a deep-toned cherry red, very erect in a double-breasted frock coat, with the right arm resting on the chair arm, and the thin, nervous fingers holding his gold-bowed spectacles, of the old fashion with sliding bows, eminently a part of the Doctor's dress. His turn-down collar and plain black neck-tie are familiar to us all. He sits as he is wont to sit when talking. The head is in three-quarters view; the thinning of the gray hair above the forehead is indicated; the gray full beard and mustache are individualized by the remarkably characteristic expression of the sensitive lips. The brightness of the eyes is perfectly caught, and the air of quick, reflective and considering intelligence is imparted to the whole countenance. This portrait is executed for the City Library Association, and will commemorate the Doctor's inestimable services in the building up of the great public institution which they direct."

— Rev. M. L. Taft, D. D., has returned to Peking, after a brief visit home, to assume his duties in Peking University.

— Dr. H. A. Cleveland, who has been serving First Church, St. Paul, Minn., since April, has been transferred to Minnesota Conference.

— Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, of New York, and Miss Grace Miller, of Akron, O., are at Chautauqua, resting at the cottage of their father, President Lewis Miller, of Miller Park.

— A pleasant call was received last week from Rev. Dr. S. F. Jones, of Madison Avenue Church, New York. Dr. and Mrs. Jones had been spending a few days at Washington, N. H.

— The *Epworth Herald* observes: "Bishop Merrill is kept busy answering letters which ask for an opinion on some Methodist Episcopal law point. A great lawyer is that Bishop."

— When the House of Commons assembled on Aug. 12, it was the first occasion upon which a new Parliament had been opened since 1832 without the presence of Mr. Gladstone.

— The *Western*, in a recent issue, gave to an otherwise obscure minister the following titles: M. D., D. D., LL. D. We rather rejoice that the brother with so many letters of distinction resides in a far-away Western State.

— Rev. A. H. Eaton, M. A., of Greenwich, Troy Conference, has been granted a vacation of seven weeks, to begin in February, 1896. He will take a cruise through the Mediterranean, and visit Egypt, Greece and the Holy Land.

— The *Northern* of last week devotes a column to an appreciative memorial tribute to "Father" J. N. Brown, of Rochester, N. Y., who died Aug. 4. He was born Aug. 16, 1818. He was especially distinguished as Chaplain of the 11th New York Volunteers.

— Mr. Walford Green, M. P., son of the ex-president of the British Wesleyan Conference, who was returned as the Conservative member for Wednesday, is the only Methodist Tory in the House of Commons.

— The *Martha's Vineyard Herald* of last week observes: "Rev. Frank P. Parkin and family, who were here for several weeks early in the season, have returned from their home in Philadelphia, and will remain at their cottage, 40 Clinton Avenue, until the first week in September."

— Rev. H. A. Clifford, who is making a tour of England with eyes and ears wide open—as his very interesting letters in our columns indicate—expects to return about the middle of October. His services may be secured by any one of our churches needing an able and efficient supply. He may be addressed care of H. Gaze & Sons, 143 Strand, London, W. C.

— The Baltimore and Boston press announce that Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., of Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, has signified his intention to retire from the pastorate at the close of the Conference year, and devote himself exclusively to literary work. Dr. Townsend has been eminently successful, and his services are unanimously desired by that church.

— Mrs. I. N. Danforth, wife of a prominent physician of Chicago and superintendent of Wesley Hospital, died, Aug. 2, in Chicago. She was a member of Centenary Church, Chicago, for thirty years. She was in the choir for a quarter-century, taught in Sunday-school, and was associated with much Christian activity. Wesley Hospital was one of her cares since its foundation.

— We are gratified to learn that Mrs. W. W. Ramsay has greatly improved in health through the rest which has been enjoyed in her home in Winchester, O. Dr. Ramsay is to lecture at Chautauqua, Aug. 23. Arch St. Church, Philadelphia, urgently and unanimously invites him to become its next pastor, and the invitation has been accepted. We congratulate Arch St. upon its good fortune.

— Rev. Henry M. Simpson, of Dr. Strong's Sanitarium, Saratoga, in a personal letter of Aug. 16, says: "Our lectures are going splendidly. Mrs. Gov. Claflin gave to the guests last night her personal recollections of Whittier. It was a delightful occasion, and the poet was admirably treated by his accomplished friend. I saw in the audience Bishop Newman, M. D. C. Crawford, D. D., Gen. Bussey, and many other well-known people."

— Mrs. Emeline Roach, widow of John Roach, the great American shipbuilder, whose death was recently announced, was a useful and greatly beloved member of Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York. Her funeral occurred in that church last week, Rev. Dr. S. F. Jones, pastor of the church, officiating, assisted by Rev. Dr. E. McChesney, of White Plains, N. Y., a former pastor of the church, and Rev. Dr. Charles Bachman, an intimate friend of the family.

— Rev. Henry Lummis, D. D., formerly connected with Newbury, Tilton and Laell Seminars, subsequently the pastor of several of the leading appointments of the New England Conference, but for the past nine or ten years professor of Greek in Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., has, during the past few weeks, been revisiting friends and the scenes of his early labors in the vicinity of Boston, and in different parts of New England. In many ways Professor Lummis is one of the most remarkable men in Methodism. To a varied and all-round scholarship he unites a dialectical ability and intellectual acumen and vigor surpassed only by his rare social qualities, his genial temper, and uniform Christian urbanity.

— We are greatly shocked and grieved to read the following dispatch in the columns of the *Boston Herald* of Aug. 19: "Miss Alice A. Palmer, aged eighteen years, a graduate of Thornton Academy, class of '94, and a student of Boston University, died last night of consumption. She was the younger daughter of Rev. G. R. Palmer." We were not aware of the illness of this noble and most promising Christian young lady. We bespeak for the stricken family the tender and prayerful sympathy of their many friends in the church.

Brieflets.

Our contributors upon pages 2, 3 and 11, place our readers under a pleasurable and most grateful sense of obligation.

One of the representative laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church writes, making some suggestions worthy of consideration by the church. He says: "I desire to thank you for your article disapproving the election of more Bishops. I endorse every word in it. If the General Conference will now elect a resident Bishop in Europe, in China, Japan and Korea, in South America and Mexico, it will furnish another reason why no more Bishops are now wanted, or, indeed, that a less number will do all the home work. Why not fix twelve (the apostolic number) as the maximum number, after it is assured that the foreign fields shall receive episcopal supervision as suggested?"

The Salvation Army of this city is adding to its other good work a plan whereby mothers and children who would not otherwise secure it are given an outing for several hours upon a steamer in our harbor. The Army has already taken out for such purpose over 3,000 persons, who for five or six hours have greatly enjoyed the rest and refreshment provided. It is done at an expense of about ten cents for each individual. Religious meetings are held on board the steamer and at the beach where a landing is made. We heartily approve of this ministry as most Christlike and practical. We are informed that the Salvation Army is in need of funds in order to enable it to continue this good work throughout the warm season. We hope our readers will generously help in this emergency. Contributions may be sent to Frank P. Luce, treasurer, with C. H. Robinson & Co., 1 Dock Square, Boston.

Dr. T. L. Cuyler, long the distinguished president of the National Temperance Society, writes in the *Evangelist* of last week:—

"I am not surprised at the admirable stand taken by the Irish Catholic Total Abstinence Societies at their late convention in New York. For many years I have known Father J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, the president of the 'Catholic T. A. Union of America.' He is a capital man, of genuine courage and philanthropy, and in his personal appearance reminds me very much of the celebrated Father Mathew. Another able advocate of the good cause is the bright-witted Father Elliott—one of the 'Paulist' fraternity. He once said to me, 'Archbishop Ireland is by all odds the strongest man, mentally and morally, in our hierarchy.' We Protestant temperance men cannot welcome too cordially the co-operation of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen in the battle with the drink-customs and the dram-shops. It is a source of deep pain to such men as Ireland and Father Malone that such a vast proportion of the grog-sellers belong to the Romish Church."

Miss Lillie M. Whitney, long connected with the Cookman Institute at Jacksonville, Fla., is stopping, until Sept. 1, at Newport, N. H. She writes us a letter concerning the needs of this institution. As we have visited this school and can heartily approve of it, we publish a paragraph from the letter of this faithful and successful teacher, though we disobey thereby her instructions. She says:—

"We need a piano very much for our chapel exercises and for the use of our music class. The one we have is worn out. We can get a second-hand square piano in Jacksonville for \$100, perhaps less, but we have not the money for it. We would be very grateful if we could secure this amount. We also need bedding for our boarding department—sheets, pillow-cases, and especially blankets or other heavy bedding. Any contributions could be sent to me at this place, or after a month directly to Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Fla."

If our readers who have means wish to place their benefactions where they will produce a thousand-fold in comfort and Christian service, we entreat them to bestow their gifts upon this needy but most excellent school of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

We have read with much interest the published proceedings of the fourth meeting of the Lay Association of the Cincinnati Annual Conference, held at St. Paul Church, Springfield, O., April 25 and 26. This Lay Association was projected at the session of the Lay Electoral Conference in September, 1891, and held its first convention in April, 1892. Every year its meetings have grown in numbers, intensity of interest and enthusiasm. It would be an excellent and useful thing if a similar association were formed in each Annual Conference. Mutual acquaintance is an important result achieved by it. Hon. James M. Gamble was elected president. Able papers were read on the abolition of the time limit, the Epworth League, Sunday-school, and other practical features of the work of the church. We notice that Prof. Carey Boggess, of St. Paul Church, Springfield, O., in his paper upon, "Should the Time Limit be Abolished?" concludes by saying: "I oppose the abolition of the time limit;" and that the Lay Association sustained him, by a large majority vote, in the conclusion which he had reached.

We are happy to welcome to our table *The Women and the Community* (Griener and Son's), a monthly paper in the Swedish language, issued by the Dorcas Publishing Co., Boston, and edited by Mrs. Rev. H. Hanson, devoted to the religious, temperance and political interests of the Scandinavian woman—the first publication issued by the elect women of the Swedish Methodist Church in New England.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

A FEW weeks' vacation has convinced me that it would be a good thing to have some lectures on this subject delivered in several of our churches. It would be a wise plan, during the delivery of said lectures, to have the organ blower preside, so that the pastor and all of the official members might not lose the valuable instruction.

One Sunday I found myself in a New England city, and, according to my custom when away from home, sought out a church of my choice. It was about twenty minutes after ten when I reached the church, but there were no ushers in sight, and after waiting what seemed a long time I ventured to help myself to a seat well in the rear of the auditorium. The people were very late in gathering, and apparently as indifferent as they were late, so that it was considerably after the advertised hour of beginning when the organist commenced his voluntary. About that time two ushers made their appearance, and from outward indications I did not judge they had the least suspicion that they were fifteen or twenty minutes late. The minister was not visible, but just as the organist was concluding the repetition of his selection there hurried into the church the preacher of the day. He laid his hat on the communion table, which was in front of the pulpit platform, and then walked up the pulpit stairs, removing his badly soiled gloves at the same time. He knelt, according to our custom, but I could not help noticing that he twirled his mustache while on his knees and continued the operation for some time after taking his seat. The quartet arose to sing their anthem, and were evidently not having liberty, when the preacher noticed a member of one of our Conferences in the congregation. He immediately left his seat and went to the pew near me, and I distinctly heard the following: "Hello, Doctor. You came just in time, for I'm not prepared this morning. You must preach, so march up on to that platform." The Doctor evidently felt the impropriety of his friend's proceeding, and politely yet firmly replied, "You must excuse me, for I am on my vacation and am very tired." But the preacher urged and urged, and would probably have continued in his ill-bred proceeding had not the quartet completed the anthem and the silence reminded the pastor that he was not in his place. By this time the singers and I am sorry to say, many of the audience, were looking directly at the ministers, much to the embarrassment of the older man at least. The opening services that morning were spoiled for one worshiper, and a labored exhortation was no substitute for the sermon that preacher ought to have prepared.

What occasion was there for breaking into the solemnity of the introductory worship by such proceedings? After the service has commenced, why is it not as bad for the minister to leave his platform as for a singer to go out of the choir gallery? Let visiting preachers enjoy themselves with their relatives and friends. They have come in to worship with that congregation, and I fail to see any good reason why their position should be recognized at such a time. A man of refinement would much prefer to be let alone.

At another Methodist church it was not the pastor's fault that the worship was seriously disturbed. He seemed to be deeply impressed with the dignity of the occasion, but his sensitive face more than once betrayed that he was not in sympathy with his surroundings. In the vestibule two men, who evidently had charge of the rental of pews and perhaps the weekly offerings, were seated at tables. During the Scripture reading it was impossible not to hear animated conversation in the entry, and during the prayer a man left the pew in which I was seated and went into the vestibule and asked the conversationalists if they would not keep quiet. I judge that the woman who was talking with the men at the tables thought there was some mistake in her account, and was arguing the matter at length with the stewards, who probably felt they must defend their records even if the whole congregation was disturbed.

I thought I detected a blush on a preacher's face as he gave out a "clam bake" as one of the important announcements to which the attention of the congregation was requested.

At a certain church I noticed that during the chanting of the Lord's Prayer the ushers were seating people who had come in late. At one of the camp-meeting resorts two preachers of prominence whispered all through the opening exercises, and there might not have been any cessation during the prayer had not the presiding elder suddenly called on one of them for that service. The length and loudness of his petition was an indication that he was not in good trim for that duty.

Some churches need a reform on these lines as much as a revival. A very suggestive book on this subject is "The Holy Waiting," prepared by Bishop John H. Vincent. The Bishop published this little book as a help to young Christians, and a minister presented it to me as "a helpful book for intelligent laymen," but I see no good reason why some of our ministers could not read it with great profit.

ORIN BLAKE.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON IX.

Sunday, September 1.

Josh. 6: 1-20.

Rev. W. O. Holway, U. S. N.

THE FALL OF JERICO.

I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: *By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were compassed about seven days.*—Heb. 11: 30.
2. Date: B. C. 1463, a few weeks after the last lesson.
3. Place: Jericho, and its vicinity.
4. Home Readings: Monday—Josh. 5: 1-11. Tuesday—Josh. 5: 12-20. Wednesday—Josh. 6: 21-27. Thursday—Josh. 5: 10-15. Friday—Deut. 7: 1-4. Saturday—2 Chron. 20: 14-25. Sunday—Heb. 11: 24-31.

II. Introductory.

In the plains of Jericho the seal of the covenant—circumcision—was renewed by the people; and obedience to this national rite was followed by the great national feast of the Passover, kept for the first time on the soil of the promised inheritance. On the morrow after its observance the manna ceased, there being no longer need for it, and "the new generation tasted bread for the first time," eating with their unleavened cakes "parboiled corn," the ears plucked from the standing harvest. Meantime Jericho was closely shut up, the people of the region being so terrified at the remarkable passage through the Jordan which the Israelites had accomplished, that "their heart melted, neither was there any spirit in them any more." As Joshua was making a reconnaissance he suddenly found himself confronted by a warrior with a drawn sword in his hand. Fearlessly approaching him, the leader of the Israelites demanded whether he was a foe or friend; and receiving for an answer that the stranger came forth as "the captain of the host of Jehovah," he at once fell prostrate in worship. After bidding him to "loose his shoes from off his feet," the Lord promised to give to him Jericho, and added specific instructions as to what course should be taken in order to capture the city. The host were to compass the city once daily for six days, and seven times on the seventh day. In the order of march the warriors were to take the lead; following these there should come seven priests carrying seven trumpets of rams' horns; then the ark was to be borne; and in the rear should come the rest of the people. The strictest silence was enjoined, except in the case of the trumpets, until the final circuit on the seventh day, when, after a long, loud blast of the trumpets, the people were to raise a mighty shout and at once the walls of the city would fall down flat, and each man should then march straight over the ramparts, and begin the work of extermination, from which Rahab and her household alone should be spared. All was fulfilled exactly as God had predicted. The walls fell at the appointed signal. The inhabitants, old and young, with all the cattle, were slain. The city was burned, and its buildings leveled with the ground. Nothing was saved from the common doom but the silver and gold and the vessels of brass and of iron, which were placed in the sacred treasury. And that the obliteration of the city, with the abominable vices for which this bloody judgment was wreaked, might be perpetual, Joshua pronounced a solemn imprecation upon any one who should attempt to rebuild it—a curse literally fulfilled nearly six hundred years later.

III. Expository.

8. And it came to pass—R. V., "and it was so." When Joshua had spoken unto the people—given the order to compass the city. The order of march appears to have been, first, the division of the two and a half tribes from the east of the Jordan (Reuben, Gad, Manasseh); second, the seven priests with the rams' horns; then, the ark of the covenant borne by the other priests; and last, the remaining warriors of the host, the nine tribes and a half. They were to make a complete circuit of its walls on this day, and repeat it until the seventh day, when, after a seventh circuit, the city would be theirs. The seven priests—"Observe the significance here of the number: seven priests, seven horns, seven days of compassing the walls, seven repetitions of it on the seventh day. Among the Hebrews seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of the Passover and Tabernacles, seven days for the ceremonies of the consecration of priests, seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion, and at the ratification of a treaty the notion of seven was embodied in the very term signifying to swear, literally meaning to do seven times (Gen. 21: 25). The number seven was thus impressed with the seal of sanctity as the symbol of all things connected with the Deity, with the subordinate notions of perfection or completeness" (G. F.

Maclear). Passed on before the Lord—R. V., "before the Lord passed on;" that is, before the ark which represented His presence. The "trumpets" borne by them were not the silver ones used in marshaling the host, but the trumpets, curved like horns, used for signals, such as the advent of Jubilee and the Sabbath year.

9. The rearward came after (R. V., "went after") the ark.—Those who were to bring up the rear took their places. The last tribe of all to "fall in" was probably Dan (Num. 10: 25). The priests going on, etc.—"the priests blowing with the trumpets as they went."

10. Shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice (R. V., "nor let your voice be heard").—This injunction of silence constituted in part the discipline of their faith. For the troops to hold their tongues in such exciting expectation, to refrain from all babbling, required great firmness. Says Dr. Parker: "Progress is kept back by shouting men. The whole kingdom of heaven is hindered in some instances because people will not hold their tongues. There are people who see a little part of a case, and rush out into the war as if they were fully-equipped soldiers; they are excitable, vehement, quick. . . . Silence in the midst of great crises is simply invaluable."

When our people are in dead earnest, they are generally silent; but the more in earnest an Oriental is, the louder he shouts. Even Arab boatmen, when in great danger, and every man is doing his utmost in struggling with the waves, will waste a lot of strength and breath in shouting (Selah Merrill).

11. So the ark of the Lord compassed the city (R. V., "so he caused the ark of the Lord to compass the city").—Professor Bush quotes from Bishop Hall as follows: "The procession undoubtedly moved at a sufficient distance to be out of the reach of the enemy's arrows, and out of the hearing of their scoff. Doubtless the inhabitants of Jericho made themselves merry with this sight. When they had stood six days on their walls and beheld nothing but a walking enemy, 'What,' say they, 'could Israel find no walk to breathe them with, but about our walls? Have they not traveled enough in their forty years' pilgrimage but they must stretch their limbs in this circle? We see they are good footmen, but when shall we try their hands? Do these vain men think Jericho will be won by looking at it? Or do they only come to count how many paces it is about our city? If this be the manner of their siege, we shall have no great cause to fear the sword of Israel.' Wicked men think God in jest when He is preparing for their judgment." Came into the camp at Gilgal.

Here is a peculiar and unprecedented mode of reducing a walled town, to carry a small chest containing, not the engines of death, but a few religious relics, attended by a band of priests "blowing on their trumpets," and followed by the whole army marching in procession. We may not assign with certainty the reason of this strange command, but we plainly see, at least, four objects attained: (1) The whole army is honored as a subordinate agent in the conquest of the city. (2) God, the efficient cause, is magnified before all men. (3) The ark and His ministers, by their prominence at the head of the procession, are especially honored in the eyes of Israelite and Canaanite. (4) A course of proceeding so unilitary and apparently absurd was a severe test of the faith of the Israelites in Jehovah (Steele).

12-14. Joshua rose early—on the second morning and doubtless on every succeeding morning of this strange siege.

Be patient in the detail. It seems a long time since we began going round this awful hill. It seems to be encroaching upon us, rather than we seem to be encroaching upon its heat. Travel on. It is the fifth day; tomorrow is the sixth day; the day after is the seventh day. "The Lord shall suddenly come to His temple." "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." How quickly he falls! How useless is arithmetic in the computation of that velocity! (J. Parker.)

15, 16. About the dawning of the day.—The critical day had come. There was no eighth day in the program. There were seven circuits to be made this day and time would be precious; so they "rose early." Compassed the city seven times.—"If we suppose that Jericho had a compass of an hour's journey, then a formal procession like this, which moved slowly, would require at least one hour and a half to accomplish it. This would give for the seven circuits ten and a half hours. But to this we must add the absolute necessary rests of at least a quarter of an hour each; and if we assume one after the first, second and third circuits, and so on to the end, the six will amount to an hour and a half. This added to the ten and a half makes twelve hours. The fall of the wall must, therefore, have taken place near evening. The Sabbath would then be about over, and the work of destruction might begin" (F. R. Fay). Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.—What an exciting moment that must have been! What force did they put into that war-cry!

17-19. City shall be accursed (R. V., "devoted").—It was doomed to destruction, all persons except Rahab and her house for harboring the spies, and all things except such indestructible things as the silver and gold which were to be brought into the Lord's treasury. Achan's sin, therefore, in reserving and concealing the gold and garments, of which the narrative speaks later, was an act of sacrilege.

20. The wall fell down flat.—How terrible the crash of those falling walls which were probably lined with spectators who were carried down to the common ruin! With what fierce courage did the encircling host march over the debris slaying as they went. It was a day of blood, but it was God's judgment upon incorrigible idolatry.

Never, perhaps, was a miracle more needed than that which gave Jericho to Joshua. Its lofty walls and well-

fenced gates made it simply impregnable to the Israelites, a nomad people, reared in the desert, destitute alike of the engines of war for assaulting a fortified town, and of skill and experience in the use of them if it had had them. Nothing but a direct interference of the Almighty could in a week's time give a city like Jericho, thoroughly on its guard and prepared (cf. 2: 2, sqq. and 5: 1), to besiegers situated as were Joshua and the Jews (Speaker's Commentary).

IV. Inferential.

1. The Christian's foes are also God's foes, and the battle is His, as well as ours.
2. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;" all He asks of us is to believe and obey.
3. The Jerichos that block our progress towards the heavenly Canaan will succumb to faith.
4. "Every carnal heart is a Jericho shut up. God sits down before it and displays mercy and judgment in sight of the walls thereof; it hardens itself in a wilful security, and saith, 'Tush, I shall never be moved'" (Bishop Hall).
5. God chooses "the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."
6. It is our duty to use only those means which the Lord appoints, or allows.
7. The preaching of the cross is "foolishness" to some—as seemingly inefficacious as the rams' horns in the hands of the priests—but it proves, in the long run, the power of God. Satan's strongholds fall before it.
8. There is a day of doom for all entrenched sin. "Primitive Christianity saw the citadel of paganism fall before it. All-powerful Rome fell prostrate when the Gospel trumpet sent forth its sonorous voice. Thus, also, in a later time did the fortress of Roman superstition crumble into ruin before Luther's hymn, which embodies the whole spirit of the Reformation" (Preussner).
9. Don't be weary in well-doing.

V. Illustrative.

1. The Israelites' sword, in its bloodiest executions, wrought a work of mercy for all the countries of the earth to the very end of the world. They seem of very small importance to us now, those perpetual contests with the Canaanites and the Midianites and the Ammonites and the Philistines with which the books of Joshua and Judges and Samuel are almost filled. We may half wonder that God should have interposed in such quarrels, or have changed the course of nature, in order to give one of these nations of Palestine the victory over another. But in these contests, on the fate of one of these nations of Palestine, the happiness of the human race depended. The Israelites fought, not for themselves only, but for us. It might follow that they should thus be accounted the enemies of all mankind; it might be that they were tempted by their very distinctness to despise other nations. Still they did God's work: still they preserved unharmed the seed of eternal life, and were the ministers of blessing to all other nations, even though they themselves failed to enjoy it (Dr. T. Arnold).

2. Mrs. Sanford, in the *New York Observer*, suggests that "the fall of Jericho is no absurd story, no undignified foolery, no miracle, but a simple scientific fact. God knew the key-note of that wall; it was struck; and it fell." And she quotes a number of scientific illustrations from Prof. Lovering, of Harvard College, which, though by no means proving her theory, are at least full of interest and suggestion: "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size and shape, as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical chord;" and he proves by illustrations, some of which are: "When the bridge at Colebrook Dale (the first iron bridge in the world) was building, a fiddler came along, and said he could fiddle it down. The workmen laughed in scorn, and told him to fiddle away to his heart's content. He played until he struck the key-note of the bridge, and it swayed so violently that the astonished workmen commanded him to stop. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the building was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all would be quiet. Experiment showed it was only when the machinery was running at a certain rate that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running it slower or faster, so as to put it out of time with the building. We have here the reason of the rule observed by marching armies when they cross a bridge, namely, stop their music, break step, and open column, lest the measured cadence of the condensed mass of men should urge the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. Neglect of this has led to fearful accidents. The Broughton bridge, near Manchester, gave way beneath the measured tread of only sixty men. A terrible disaster befell a battalion of French Infantry while crossing the suspension bridge at Algiers, in Africa. Repeated orders were given the troops to break into sections, but in the hurry of the moment and in the rain they disregarded the order, and the bridge, which was but twelve years old, and had been repaired the year before at a cost of \$7,000, fell. Tyndall tells us that the Swiss muleteers tie up the bells of the mules, lest the tinkle bring an avalanche down. The breaking of a drinking glass by the human voice is a well-attested fact, and Chladni mentions an inn-keeper who frequently repeated the experiment for the entertainment of his guests. A nightingale is

said to kill by the power of his notes. If we enter the domain of music there is no end to these illustrations" (Peloubet).

3. No less striking was the blessing which followed Rahab for her conduct, which is recorded as the greatest example of faith, and of the works which spring from faith, in the old heathen world. Besides being a heathen, she was a harlot, for there is no ground for the interpretation of the word as meaning an inn-keeper; though there is much to prove that she was not utterly depraved. But her mind and heart received in simple faith the proof of Jehovah's power and purposes; she served His people with courage, ingenuity and devotion; and so "she entered into the kingdom of God" (Matt. 21: 31). She was rewarded by a most distinguished place among the families of Israel. She married Salmon (perhaps one of the spies), and became the mother of Boaz, the great-grandfather of David. Hers is thus one of the four female names, all of them foreigners, recorded in the genealogy of Christ; and it is one of the profoundest moral, as well as spiritual, lessons of His Gospel, that He did not disdain such an ancestry (W. Smith).



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A NOBLE OBJECT LESSON.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn.

I HAVE just received the following letter from Dr. McCabe, and agree with his suggestion to me that such a letter belongs to the public more than to individuals, and have much pleasure in submitting it to the HERALD for publication. It will undoubtedly stimulate others to go and do likewise. In these times, when money is poured out like water for all manner of worldly objects, and when too many Christians join with the children of this world in eager obedience to the demands of the fleeting fashions of the day, it is refreshing to meet with a noble few who have found a more excellent way of spending their money. The sacred obligations of Christian stewardship are by no means obsolete, although at times many of us are sorely tempted to think that the Saviour's teaching on the subject has been almost forgotten. The writer of the following letter is a well-known evangelist, whose abundant labors have been greatly blessed throughout many parts of the West during recent years:—

Chicago, July 27, 1895.

DEAR DR. McCABE: I am informed that there are 25,000 heathen in the Northwest India Conference ready to renounce the gloom of idolatry for the sunshine of Christianity, and that our missionaries fear to baptize this awakened host because there are so few shepherds to care for the starving flocks.

I further understand that \$500 a year will support at Cawnpore a whole training school of thirty student-pastors, and that this score and one-half of native evangelists will study during the week and preach the Gospel on Sundays to the teeming multitudes in the surrounding villages until equipped to give their full time to evangelistic work. From the profits derived during the past year from the sale of "Pentecostal Hymns" I enclose a check for \$1,000, which please hand to Bishop Thoburn to be applied as outlined. Fraternalty yours,

HENRY DATE.

A few words of explanation with reference to the above letter will not be amiss. When I was about to leave the Northwest India Conference, at the close of its session in January last, the presiding elders made an urgent representation to me that I would soon leave the country not to return to them for a full year, and that nothing had been done for the many thousands who were applying to them for Christian teachers. Rev. P. M. Buck said to me: "I feel almost appalled. A few weeks ago some men came one hundred miles to ask me to send teachers back with them to show their people how to become Christians. I could do nothing for them, not having a cent left, while any men I could have sent were too poor to go out at their own charges." I asked the presiding elders in turn how many applicants for baptism they had, and found on summing up that the total amounted to more than 30,000. Adding to this host those known to be willing to receive Christian teachers on the eastern side of the Ganges and in other parts of India, I felt perfectly certain that we had many more than 25,000 persons who would become Christians at once if spiritual guides could be found to lead them into the way of life and truth. After some consultation I asked the presiding elders if they could find one hundred and fifty young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five who could be put into school for two years, during which time they could be trained for the work of teaching and preaching among the simple villagers who were asking for our help. I was assured at once that the men could be found, and after careful calculation it was estimated that an average of \$20 a year would be necessary for the board, tuition and books of each of the students. I at once directed the brethren to go on and collect the students, while I assumed the responsibility of finding the money needed for their support. This great work is now in hand. The students have been divided into five groups of thirty each, and are taught at five different stations several hundred miles apart. In addition to these I yielded to the urgent entreaty of Dr. Parker, in the adjoining North India Conference, to assume the support of thirty more in his district.

The education which these young men will receive will, of course, be of a very elementary kind; but they will learn to read and write, to teach a little arithmetic, geography, and other branches, to keep a church register, to preach with more or less ability, and hold other simple meetings which village people need. I trust that in two years they will be ready for aggressive work among the teeming multitude of inquirers, and I have no doubt whatever that from the very first they will gather in converts in large numbers. I have no hesita-

tion in saying that before the close of this century these one hundred and eighty men, if trained as above indicated, will have brought into the Christian Church not less than 10,000 persons who are now heathen.

In writing to thank Mr. Date for his noble gift I ventured to assure him that in my opinion he had chosen the very best line of giving which he could have found. Sometimes one demand is more urgent, and sometimes another; but for the immediate present God's providential voice undoubtedly calls us to provide not only for the thousands who wish us "to show them how to be Christians," but for the many other thousands who have already been baptized and whose instruction we are painfully aware is seriously neglected. The example of Henry Date should be followed by others who are more able to give than he. One hundred dollars will educate five of these men for a year; \$500, at present rates of exchange, will educate thirty of them; for the charge becomes less as the number increases. Who will enter this open door of usefulness? If any one wishes to send contributions, or to secure further information, I shall be glad to reply to any letters addressed to 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A GREAT CAMP-MEETING.

Rev. J. K. Peck.

THIS was not in the historic past, though a great many such stand on the records, of which the aged and enfeebled ones can tell, and to which memory oft recurs in the still night. But this occurred only sixteen years ago, and many now living can recite some of its interesting events. It was on the Wyoming Camp-ground. The same trees are there, grown taller and stronger. The ground is there, and many of the cottages. The preachers' stand and platform are there.

It was in the twilight of evening that I walked into the grove as a visitor. The atmosphere was salubrious and the songs melodious. My hand was clasped by friends who now slumber in the grave, and by others who still live. I was soon in a great crowd of people of all ages, mostly young, in a vast open chapel at the upper end of the ground. Everybody was prayerful and cheerful and hopeful. Several other prayer-meetings were going on in cottages and tents. I only came in time to hear the winding up. A young minister jumped upon a bench and shouted out that he wanted to read a postal card. It was from a young friend away West, who had just been converted at a camp-meeting. The doxology was sung, the bell sounded for public service, and the throngs moved toward the stand. Rev. W. H. Olin, the presiding elder, requested me to pray for the brother who was going to preach. Reuben Nelson was in the stand, and John F. Hurst, Henry Browncombe, and Chaplain McCabe were in the altar, and the preachers of the Conference filled the places in the stand. While I was praying there seemed to be a thousand others praying. The whole forest seemed to be surcharged with heavenly influences. The wings of angels seemed to fan us. The praying went on for several seconds after the time for the prayer was up. There was no discord or harshness in the sounds; all the leaves of the trees seemed hung with silver bells; some remained kneeling, others sat up and leaned their heads against trees and stumps for support. Reuben Nelson wiped his eyes with that only hand, the left one. The German brother just from the fatherland struggled with his breath to keep from shouting. John F. Hurst arose from his kneeling posture and cast his keen eyes over the unusual scene and smiled almost audi-

bly. Then music arose, led by that inimitable Chaplain McCabe—the same voice that had echoed in the gloom of Libby Prison,—

"We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful City of God."

The brother that was to preach looked at his text, then to his notes, but could not help singing. Everybody sang, and the refrain was repeated again and again. The presiding elder remarked that may be the sermon would have to be omitted. The singing went on with that lofty refrain, "We're marching to Zion."

Finally there was a pause to get breath, and the orator took his text and went through his sermon. Then E. W. Caswell got upon his feet and seemed to find it difficult to stand, but managed to utter the word "Jesus" half under his breath. Then he uttered the same word again and again until his voice reached the farthest man on the ground. Inquirers after a new life crowded to the front. Prayer and song were the order of the evening, and shouts came from the victors. Ten o'clock came, and the bell sounded, and nobody seemed to be ready for it. Slowly the crowds went to their night's rest, but a great many spent the rest of the night in prayer. I went up into the ministerial dormitory and heard the shout "glory" from one of the itinerants lying upon his cot trying hard to keep from disturbing the whole camp-ground.

That meeting went on with power until more than a hundred prodigals came to their Father's house. Chaplain McCabe speaks of it in social circles and refers to it on the platform standing before vast throngs of people. Many will remember what he said on that Sunday night in the new Franklin Street Church, Wilkesbarre, when the vast auditorium was crowded and there was no standing room left, April 11, 1886. He said that the Wyoming people could beat anybody in the world singing, and referred to "that night on the camp-ground when J. K. Peck prayed. A dozen or more were prostrated under the power of God and everybody was seized with a reverent spirit."

That was eight years after that camp-meeting closed, but it was fresh in his memory then, and he asked us to join in singing that glorious refrain which sounded with such volume in the tented grove eight years before.

Bishop Hurst says today that that meeting on that camp-ground that evening was the climax of all the meetings of his life.

FOUR GREAT SERMONS BY FOUR GREAT PREACHERS.

Rev. R. H. Howard, D. D.

I THINK that, all things considered, the greatest sermon I ever heard, particularly as to its intellectual effect, was by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, one Sunday evening in the fall of 1860. It was based upon Romans 8: 7: "To be carnally minded is death," etc. The principal thought was that depravity consists essentially in radical insubordination to divine control. The enthusiasm into which that sermon baptized me abode upon me like a fiery cloud for months. Its doctrine has ever since constituted a part of my mental furniture; while the preacher's sonorous voice still continues to resound in the chambers of my soul.

By no means unworthy of being compared with this discourse was one I heard about the same time, in the spring of 1861, before the New York Conference at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by the late Dr. H. B. Ridgway. His text was 1 Cor. 2: 14: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit," etc. The theme was: The tuition of the Spirit needed to bring our human nature into such oneness with the Divine as to enable one to discern spiritual things. By man-

ifold and striking illustrations his idea was made so luminous as fairly to electrify the thoughtful hearer, and towards the close of his discourse, as he enlarged on the privileges of the believer as filled, instructed, enthused by the Spirit of God, the effect was overwhelming. That was the only sermon I ever heard by Dr. Ridgway; from that day I have ever reckoned him one of the greatest pulpit orators of Methodism.

For emotional effect, by far the most powerful sermon it was ever my privilege to hear was that by Bishop Simpson before the Vermont Conference at St. Albans, Vt., in the spring of '63, on "The Victory of Faith."

The greatest missionary sermon I ever heard was delivered, in the summer of 1860, in the Two Steeple Dutch Church, Albany, N. Y., by the late Rev. Dr. Henry Martin Boudder, who died June 4 of this year, at Winchester, Mass. Dr. Boudder had then recently returned from India. That great church, that evening, was full to the doors. The Doctor announced as his text the words of Jesus constituting the great commission: "Go ye into all the world," etc. His theme was, "India the grandest field for the development of all the militant qualities of the Gospel the world can ever afford;" and for the space of an hour and a quarter the returned missionary, without a note before him, as he eloquently detailed the phenomenal obstacles the cause of Christ must surmount in that ancient yet still pagan land, held the attention of that vast and cultivated audience undivided to the last. It was a most magnificent specimen—that sermon—of extemporaneous, evangelical, gospel oratory. I doubt if it has ever been surpassed. Ah! what a power for good one such gifted, cultured, consecrated man! But those eloquent lips now, at length, alas! are silent forever!

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THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

last winter's revival. Rev. C. E. Eaton, the pastor, is happy and hopeful in this delightful field.

Rev. Bertrand P. Judd, pastor at Henniker and Hillsboro Centre, was united in marriage, at Temple, N. H., with Miss Annie Laura Rockwood. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. E. Cramer, a long-time friend and fellow student of the groom. They have gone on a tour to Ohio, and will be absent several weeks. Pastor and wife will be cordially welcomed by the people of the charge, who are glad to have the helpmate come. We extend hearty congratulations to our young friends.

Rev. G. H. Clark is in the midst of his tent meeting at Chesterfield. He reports another young man starting in the Christian life at one of his school-house meetings.

Revs. J. H. Vincent, H. E. Allen, Wm. Woods, and Daniel Onatott are resting at Hedding camp-ground.

Dr. Hills has been in Maine for a brief vacation.

Dr. Rowley has returned from a few weeks among his old friends in New York State.

The presiding elder and family have been at their cottage on Hedding camp-ground for a few days during the session of the Chautauque. Very soon after their arrival his wife was taken sick, and at this writing, while a little improved, is not able to be up.

The M. E. Church at Salem is to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into that town, Sept. 11 and 12. The wide-awake pastor, Rev. Edgar Blake, is planning for a great occasion. Pastors and people are cordially invited to attend. Visitors will be cared for gladly. Prominent men in the church are expected to deliver addresses.

"Old-fashioned Methodist meetings" are reported from Newport. The pastor, Rev. H. D. Deutz, will take a short vacation this month.

Some reckless youngster at Lebanon, on the fourth of July, threw a large cannon cracker that fell at the feet of Rev. W. E. Bennett and wife. It exploded, severely injuring Mrs. Bennett and the little boy, who was sitting on his father's knee. Mr. Bennett was hurt the least, and is all right again. The others are slowly recovering, but will feel the effects a long time.

Dover District.

At Moultonville and North Wakefield Rev. Frank Hooper has been signally blessed of the Lord with renewed health of body, and he is now hard at work in both parts of his charge striving to "win a bride for his Master" and expectantly claiming success.

At Rochester 425 persons attended the morning preaching Aug. 11, and about half that number were at the evening prayer-meeting. Pastor Ramsden does not mean that any Sunday of his pastorate shall see the doors of the church closed, and he is expectantly and co-operatively praying for the spiritual power to transmute all that church with life.

We are looking for a season of special blessing at Hedding this year. At 10 A. M., Aug. 26, the president of the Association will open the campaign with an effort to strike the keynote of this gospel meeting. He will be succeeded by sermons during the week by the following named ministers: J. T. Hooper, W. S. Seale, W. Warren, J. D. Folsom, J. W. Beau, J. H. Emerson, E. E. Reynolds, C. W. Dockrill, W. H. Hutchins, J. M. Leonard, W. R. Webster, J. E. Robins, O. S. Baketel and J. W. Adams. The closing service, Saturday morning, will be directed by Rev. M. T. Cliley. That our Lord will constantly direct and abundantly bless the work, let all most devoutly pray. Should the weather be fine on Wednesday and Thursday, and attendance warrant it, "field meetings" will be held by the brethren under direction of Mr. Hooper aided by Messrs. Allen, Thompson, and others whom he shall call. Rev. J. L. Felt is our musical director and Mr. Warren organist for the meeting. The Epworth League hour, as a preparation for each day's work, will be directed by the Conference president, Rev. G. H. Spencer, at 9 A. M.; and the children's hour, at 1.15, will be led by Rev. J. D. LeGro.

Lawrence, Garden St., has received 52 persons into full connection from probation this quarter. Finances are healthy. Rev. O. S. Danforth is happy, as he well may be with this grand, united, working and workable band of helpers.

Haverhill, Grace, seems in good order for the vacation season, running four live class-meetings every week. The pastor, Rev. E. E. Reynolds, takes a vacation in August.

Sanbornville and Brookfield charge is having good gospel work in all its borders. The last Sunday in July the church was full, and Sunday evening five souls found peace and pardon. So writes the pastor. At East Wakefield, one of the outposts of this work, on Wednesday evening, nearly a hundred were present and a gracious outpouring was realized; while at Brookfield, numerically and financially, the work is grand.

At Methuen there is reason for encouragement.

At Centralville Rev. J. W. Adams attended the quarterly meeting service, Aug. 4, and a profitable season was enjoyed. Two persons were received on probation and two into full connection, while one united by letter. Now with unity of the spirit and courageous effort in aid of the young pastor on the part of all the people, this society will surely come to the front and God shall honor her with many souls.

Rev. W. R. Webster, at Salisbury, reports revival interest still going on and the waters of salvation flowing in the summer time.

Epping has just shingled the parsonage barn, insured the church, painted the parsonage, and is now engaged in putting the vestry in good repair. Truly Pastor Copp finds heroic helpers in all his undertakings for the honor of the King; and Mr. J. P. Sanborn—may his shadow never be less!—is bringing forth fruit in old age, according to the word of promise.

St. Paul's, Lawrence.—The Boys' Brigade of this church is enjoying a week's outing at Lowell's Pond in Wakefield, and improving the time in helping Methodism with a godly sort.

Lawrence, St. Mary's.—The young people of this church held a "Camp" August 10, at Kennebunk Lake. Through the kindness of 10, at Kennebunk, the grounds were three and a special train engaged, so that over a hundred of the school had a few days. The number of the school had a few days. The number of the school had a few days. The number of the school had a few days.

the superintendent, seemed to be everywhere looking after the welfare of each person. On Sunday the school by a rising vote tendered thanks to these three friends for their thoughtful generosity. This school has during the vacation season an average attendance of 140. Jesse Lee Chapter of the Epworth League connected with this church has made a creditable beginning toward a fund for the purchase of a piano. Every department of the League is in active operation during the summer months. Rev. C. W. Dockrill, pastor.

At St. Paul's, Lawrence, there were 198 in the Sunday-school on Aug. 4. Notwithstanding the heat on the last Sunday in July, an audience numbering 225 came to a third public service, besides a Sunday-school attendance of 191 the same day. Pretty healthy child for a four-year-old is this youngest of Lawrence Methodism! G. W. N.

Concord District.

The hearts of the pastor, Rev. S. E. Quimby, and his people at Penacook were made glad, Aug. 4. Four were baptized in the river and 2 in the church; 7 were received into full connection. This was mostly the gatherings of previous faithful pastorates. "One sower and another reaper," "both be that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together." CU.

Vermont Conference.

Montpelier District.

Brownsville.—At a recent quarterly meeting 7 were baptized and received into the church in full.

Windser.—The new church is nearing completion. It is hoped to have it ready for dedication early in September.

Bradford.—A reception was given the pastor, Rev. F. W. Lewis, Aug. 1, upon his return to his work after his long illness. A very pleasant time is reported. Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., who is spending his vacation at Lake Morey, Fairlee, preached at Bradford, Aug. 4. Mr. Lewis expects to be able to do the work of the charge from this time forth. W. S. Spencer, a student at Union Theological Seminary, and a son of Rev. H. A. Spencer of the Vermont Conference, has supplied the charge very acceptably since the last of May.

Hartland.—Rev. E. L. M. Barnes, a graduate from Wesleyan University in the class of '93, takes the place of Rev. L. O. Greeley at Hartland and North Hartland. Mr. Greeley goes to the Theological School in Boston University this year.

Union Village.—Dr. E. M. Smith preached at Union Village, Sunday, Aug. 4.

Montpelier.—Rev. A. H. Webb, of this place, exchanged pulpits for two Sundays with Rev. Geo. Spencer, of Somersworth, who is spending his vacation in this city at the home of his father, Rev. H. A. Spencer. L. L.

St. Albans District.

Johnson.—This charge has built a cottage to take the place of the tent at Morrisville camp-ground. This indicates permanent interest as well as comfort.

Elmore.—Rev. J. H. Wallace, of Morrisville, exchanged recently with Rev. Alfred Sharnan. The discourse made a deep impression. Mr. Sharnan is spending his vacation in Providence, R. I.

Wolcott.—The Sabbath-school has recently purchased a library of ninety volumes.

Binghamville.—About fifty Westford friends of Rev. and Mrs. Lowe came up last week, and had a picnic. Though it was a very rainy day, they managed to have an enjoyable time.

Morrisville Camp-meeting.—In the opening days considerable rain fell, but the annual campers are accustomed to it, and by Monday evening all were comfortable, and ready for Christian service. Presiding Elder Sherburne conducted a social meeting in the Elmore cottage, and on Tuesday morning delivered an interesting sermon on "Personal Religious Work." Miss G. Gates, deaconess, gave incidents of her labors. In the afternoon, Rev. R. J. Chrystie, of Milton, proclaimed the Word. The evening congregation was divided by the rain—Rev. Z. B. Wheeler, of East Elmore, spoke in the Morrisville tent, and Rev. R. L. Nanton, of Richmond, in the Elmore cottage.

On Wednesday, Miss Gates led the morning devotional meeting in the Underhill tent; an able sermon was preached by Rev. H. Webster, of Johnson; the social meeting at 1 o'clock was led by Rev. C. M. Stebbins of Wolcott. Rain again divided the congregation. Rev. Mr. Stebbins preached in the Elmore cottage, and Rev. A. B. Blake, of Fairfax, in the Morrisville tent. In the evening Rev. R. J. Chrystie led a general prayer-meeting. Rev. C. E. Lewis, of Cambridge, preached in the Underhill tent, and Rev. J. H. Wills, of Grand Isle, interested a congregation in Morrisville tent.

Thursday's weather was clear and the attendance increased. The morning prayer-meeting was in charge of Rev. A. B. Blake; an instructive sermon was preached by Rev. C. Wedgeworth, of Shelburne; the midday prayer-meeting was led by Miss Gates; at 2, Rev. S. S. Brigham, of Underhill, spoke to a large audience. A prayer-meeting preceding the evening sermon was led by Rev. O. L. Barnard. Rev. R. F. Lowe, of Fletcher, delivered the sermon. Friday was a beautiful day. The services

were: prayer-meeting, led by Rev. A. B. Riggs; an impressive sermon, delivered by Rev. C. P. Taplin, of Essex; afternoon prayer-meeting, led by Rev. M. S. Eddy; an effective discourse delivered by Rev. W. S. Smithers, of Hardwick. Rev. H. A. Spencer preached to the large evening congregation. Altar services followed each of the preaching services both Thursday and Friday.

Rev. John Ferguson, of Canada, was the speaker Saturday morning, delivering a discourse of special power. An excellent sermon in the afternoon was presented by Rev. H. Worthen, of Stowe. Rev. S. S. Brigham spoke in the evening.

At the first business session of the Camp-meeting Association Clement F. Smith was re-elected president, and Geo. H. Terrill, of Cady's Falls, re-elected secretary. Later the following additional officers were elected: vice-presidents, G. H. Benedict of Underhill, H. H. Bangs of Elmore, S. E. Wilson of Fairfax; executive committee, Rev. J. H. Wallace, Henry Waite, Geo. Terrill, G. A. Morse, C. S. Hastings; treasurer, L. L. Camp, of Elmore; railroad secretary, H. Waite. A chapel tent or cottage for use in stormy weather has been proposed, and a committee appointed to take charge of the matter. Finances were reported in a healthy condition. Sunday was a fine day, and the usual large crowd was present, numbering not far from five thousand persons. Rev. John Ferguson addressed the large audiences both morning and afternoon. Presiding Elder Sherburne preached the closing sermon. Profitable altar services followed the preaching of the day and evening. A large number of conversions are reported. The choir, under the management of Mr. Bailey, of Richmond, furnished excellent singing. On Monday, the gathered host scattered to their homes, to live better, to work more for Jesus, and, if called, to die triumphant. D.

St. Johnsbury District.

St. Johnsbury Centre.—The children and young ladies, under the direction and help of Mrs. H. A. Brockway, have prepared and sent a Christmas box to Rev. E. W. Parker, D. D., of India. The box contained over five hundred articles, consisting of dolls, books and fancy articles, estimated to be worth over \$20. Some India children will be made happy when this box is opened. The Epworth League recently gave a rhyme social. Rev. Winfield Goes, a graduate of the Seminary, now a missionary in Texas, recently gave an address upon his work in the South.

West Burke.—There was a grand rally of St. Johnsbury District Epworthians at this place, July 24 and 25. Over one hundred delegates were present, and a wide-awake, enthusiastic company they were. The papers, reports and addresses were helpful and inspiring, crowded full of hints and plans for thorough, systematic work. Rev. I. P. Chase, district president, was re-elected for his fifth term.

Derby.—The interior of the church has been thoroughly refurbished and replenished, the result being a very attractive auditorium.

Danville.—Rev. I. P. Chase, of St. Johnsbury Centre, officiated at the quarterly meeting, baptizing two.

St. Johnsbury.—Rev. H. A. Spencer preached twice here during Pastor Tyler's vacation, greeting his many former parishioners and arousing much enthusiasm by his sermons.

West Concord.—The Epworth League recently gave a novel entertainment in which the members rehearsed in original poetry their experience in earning money for benevolent purposes. Refreshments followed the entertainment.

Hardwick.—The young people gave a missionary concert on a recent Sunday evening, those taking part wearing Oriental costumes.

Irasburgh.—A local paper speaks of a recent sermon of Dr. Rowland as being "very eloquent" and "highly appreciated by all."

Coverly.—The Express and Standard of Aug. 2 says: "Rev. J. T. M. Stephens preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. He has resigned his charge here that he may complete his theological course at Northwestern University, an unusually good opportunity having been afforded him to enter there in September. Mr. Stephens has done good work here, and the community, as well as his parishioners, are sorry to lose him. A reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Stephens Friday evening, at the Methodist church, and was largely attended."

Lyndonville.—G. G. Morrison, long one of the pillars of the church, is in very poor health, and is now away for rest and medical treatment. Multitudes will pray for complete and speedy recovery.

Williamstown.—Through the energetic efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. O. Sherburne, a church edifice is soon to be built in the quarry district, to be called the "Solid Rock Church."

Groton.—Rev. C. H. Farnsworth, a former pastor here, now of the New Hampshire Conference, has been visiting this and other former parishes on the line of the M. & W. R. R.

Albany.—Miss Clara P. Vance, for many years a valued and successful teacher at the Montpelier Seminary, is now making a home for her aged father who has long been actively identified with local Methodism. Pastor Donaldson recently preached a vigorous temperance sermon.

Greensboro Bend.—Rev. Geo. W. Ireland, a local elder in the Methodist Church, and business manager of Cohansey Mfg. Co. of Bridgeton, N. J., visited friends in town recently, and also preached twice in our church. His sermons gave general satisfaction, and he supplemented this

service by pledging \$25 toward a new bell which Pastor Paroungian is seeking to secure.

Dr. Breckinridge.—The genial and eloquent superintendent of the Brooklyn Methodist Hospital made a flying trip to Vermont recently, and took generous collections in Centennial Church, Williamstown, and Hedding Church, Barre, greatly delighting the audiences in those places.

Personal.—Miss Mabel Hamilton, eldest daughter of Presiding Elder Hamilton, has been seriously ill, but is now slowly recovering. Great sympathy is felt for the elder and his family.

Unique District Gathering.—One of the pleasantest, most successful and profitable gatherings ever held in the Conference was enjoyed at the Lyndonville Camp-ground, Thursday, Aug. 8. It owed its origin and success to the fertile imagination and tireless energy of Presiding Elder Joseph Hamilton. The social, the gossamer, the literary, and the spiritual mingled in about equal proportions, and both the idea and the execution reflect great credit upon the elder who is ever on the alert to devise and employ ways and means to push the cause to the largest possible success. The objects evidently were to develop the connective sympathy and fellowship, deepen the spiritual life, and especially to arouse enthusiasm and effort for the success of the coming camp-meeting. A program of stirring speeches by pastors and laymen and soulful songs deepened the interest of the occasion. The following list of those present, which is doubtless incomplete, will show the very general response to Mr. Hamilton's summons: Albany and South Albany, Rev. Sylvester Donaldson, A. D. Patterson and T. J. Newton; Barre, Rev. W. R. Davenport, Judge W. E. Barney; Barton, Rev. W. E. Douglass, Hon. J. B. Freeman; Barton Landing, Rev. Dr. B. F. Rowland, W. C. Twombly; Cabot, Rev. J. A. Dixon, G. W. Hoyt; Coventry, J. P. Wheelock; Danville, Rev. F. E. Currier, John Bias; Glover, Rev. John McDonald, S. A. Clark; Greensboro Bend, Rev. M. B. Paroungian; Groton, Rev.



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O. M. Boutwell, Judge T. B. Hall; Guildhall, Rev. Guy Lawton, Henry Bailey; Hardwick, Rev. W. S. Smithers, E. D. Dutton; Holland and Morgan, Rev. J. T. Baxendale, Senator S. R. Fletcher; Ipswich, Rev. P. N. Granger, F. A. Buchanan; Lunenburg and East Concord, Rev. C. H. Tucker, C. H. Cole and Dr. S. P. Brown; Lyndon and Lyndonville, Rev. S. C. Johnson, G. G. Morrison; Marshfield, Rev. S. J. Lewis, J. B. Pike; Newbury, Rev. J. S. Tupper; Newport, Rev. A. L. Cooper, D. D.; Newport Centre and Troy, Rev. W. C. McNeil, George Sleeper and J. Q. Buck; Peacham, Rev. Mr. White, Mr. Houghton; Plainfield, Rev. J. E. Farrow; South Barre, Rev. J. A. Sherburne; Sheffield and Wheelock, Rev. S. C. Johnson, C. B. Simpson; St. Johnsbury Centre, Rev. I. P. Chase, H. K. Huse; Topsham, Rev. H. W. Morrow, William Morrison; West Burke and Newark, Rev. G. H. Wright, A. L. Aldrich; West Concord, Rev. J. E. Knapp, Frank Forsyth; Westfield, Rev. Albert Gregory, Wallace Miller; Williamstown, Rev. J. O. Sherburne; Woodbury, Rev. W. A. Ross. Besides these there were present the presiding elder, Rev. H. A. Spencer, of Montpelier, and Rev. J. A. Steele, of St. Johnsbury; also the Epworth League cabinet of the district. Those present, by a large majority, voted to request the Camp-meeting Association not to hold camp-meeting over the Sabbath in 1896. Resolutions of thanks were also voted the presiding elder for providing the occasion and the banquet, to the Camp-meeting Association for the dinner, and to the railroads for courtesies rendered. The whole affair was memorable and inspiring.

RETLAW.

New England Conference.

Boston East District.

Asbury Grove. — A chapter of the Epworth League has been organized at Asbury Grove, the object being to make it pleasant for the young people, for the old, and the "shut ins," to do work among the children, or anything that will add to the religious and social interest at the Grove. Rev. W. E. Lawford, of Tapleville, is president; Rev. W. A. Thurston, of Beverly, Mr. E. W. Blanchard, of South Boston, Rev. E. V. Hinchliffe, of Malden, and Mrs. Sarah H. Hunt, of Melrose, vice-presidents; Miss Nellie M. Knowles, of Lynn, secretary; Miss Sarah Spear, of South Boston, treasurer; Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, of Ipswich, Junior League superintendent.

Springfield District.

Springfield, Trinity. — Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D., the pastor, returned, August 1, from his trip to England. He was absent six weeks, spending the time visiting relatives, studying election methods, extending his knowledge of the social and industrial conditions of the working classes, and in rest and recreation which have permanently benefited and fitted him for the demands of his large congregation and pastorate. While Dr. Tuckley was away the church voted him an extension of time for his visit. He did not accept this, preferring to be back to his work. In England Dr. Tuckley met Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Risley, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Ludington, Miss Mary L. Jacobs, who are influential members of Trinity Church. All reported themselves well and greatly enjoying the summer abroad.

The pastor received 4 from probation and 1 by letter, Aug. 4. The largest evening audience of the present pastorate gathered the evening of that date to welcome Dr. Tuckley home and hear his address, "My Sundays in England, what I saw and heard." This was highly complimented in the local papers, and will be continued for the other August Sabbath evenings. It will be a genuine pleasure to see England through Dr. Tuckley's eyes, as he is a good observer and a pleasant speaker.

Holyoke Highlands. — August 4 was communion Sabbath. One person was received from probation and 3 by letter into full connection. Rev. B. F. Kingsley is spending some days at Northfield.

Orange. — A layman reports: "Our church is in better financial condition than last year at this time. Fifteen hundred went on the recent union Sunday-school picnic. Rev. J. W. Fulton preaches with a dash and vigor that are greatly appreciated. He attends the Knights Templar gathering in Boston."

Southbridge. — Rev. C. H. Walters and family, with one of his lay members, are occupying a cottage at Mayland Park. Mr. Walters returns for Sunday and mid-week services. The vesper service of Aug. 4 was unusually good. The preacher's subject being, "Why Don't More Men Join the Church?" Several young people attend Sterling Camp-meeting. A lawn party was given on the church grounds, Aug. 1, 2,000 people were present. The decorations were elaborate. The Southbridge Brass Band pro-

vided music. It was a social and financial success, thanks to the committee, who deserve the credit of being named: Music, J. M. Olney, J. H. Sanders, decorators, J. H. Sanders, J. E. Clemence, G. D. Gunn, F. C. Litchfield, W. H. Sanders, Ernest Oulds, who were ably assisted by J. J. Mair and George Ashworth.

Merrick. — Rev. E. B. Best is doing good service, presenting his claim for Church Aid in the central part of the district. He takes his vacation at Cottage City.

Chicopee Falls. — Rev. C. A. Merrill supplied July 25, and Rev. E. W. Virgin Aug. 4. The latter was pastor here twenty-five years ago and was gladly welcomed by those who were in the church then. Rev. N. B. Flak has taken a part of his vacation, spending the time at Lakeview, South Framingham, and at Gloucester. Mrs. Flak and son Raymond are visiting in Canada.

Greenfield. — The pastor, Rev. Jerome Wood, has been ill with tonsillitis. Rev. L. D. Bragg, of Manchester, N. H., a former pastor, supplied the pulpit, Aug. 4.

East Longmeadow. — This church is putting on new spiritual life. The Sunday-school and Epworth League are doing excellent work and making gains under the efficient leadership of Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Bridgman. Rev. F. K. Stratton, and wife, of Lowell, have been visiting at the parsonage. D. F. G.

The great storms of the past week have been phenomenal in breadth of field and intensity. From Denver to Baltimore the crash of destructive elemental forces was heard. In the latter city houses were unroofed and much damage done.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, | Aug. 18-20 |
| Sterling Camp-meeting, | Aug. 19-24 |
| North Anson, Me., Camp-meeting, | Aug. 19-24 |
| Rockland Dis. Camp-meeting, Nobleboro, Me., | Aug. 19-24 |
| Weirs, N. H., Camp-meeting, | Aug. 19-24 |
| Laurel Camp-meeting, | Aug. 19-25 |
| Claremont Camp-meeting, | Aug. 20-25 |
| East Livermore Camp-meeting, | Aug. 20-Sept. 2 |
| Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting, Northport, Me., | Aug. 20-25 |
| Hedding Camp-meeting, at E. Epping, | Aug. 20-31 |
| Wilmot Camp-meeting, | Aug. 20-31 |
| Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting, Foxcroft, Aug. 20-Sept. 2 | |
| Groveton, N. H., Camp-meeting, | Sept. 2-4 |
| East Machias Camp-meeting, | Sept. 2-7 |
| Colebrook, N. H., Camp-meeting, | Sept. 2-13 |
| Maine State Epworth League Convention at Westbrook, | Sept. 11-12 |
| Manchester District Epworth League Convention, at Claremont, | Sept. 17, 18 |
| First General District League Sixth Annual Convention, St. Johnsbury, Vt., | Oct. 2-3 |
| OLD ORCHARD MEETINGS: | |
| Portland District Meeting, | Aug. 19-24 |
| Murphy's Gospel Temperance Meet'g, Aug. 20-Sept. 25 | |
| REDUCTION CHAUTAUKA: | |
| Summer School, | Aug. 5-24 |
| Chautauque Assembly, | Aug. 17-24 |

NOTICE. — The annual meeting of the Bangor District Stewards will be held at Foxcroft, Thursday, Aug. 20, at 1 p. m. A full attendance is desired.

Per order, E. H. ROYTON.

Marriages.

MUTTING-ALLEN. — In West Brookfield, Aug. 7, at the residence of Francis T. Fales, by Rev. Wm. P. Blackmer, George G. Nutting, of Gardner, and Della T. Allen, of Ware.

DELL-ROYCE. — In Brimfield, Aug. 14, by the same, at the residence of the bride's father, George H. O. Dell, of Staffordville, Conn., and Mary L. Royce, of Brimfield.

WARNER-SHAW. — At Enfield, Mass., July 22, by Rev. William Ferguson, Arthur E. Warner and Sarah Ellen Shaw, both of Belchertown.

ST. PETER-HOLMES. — July 31, by the same, Louis St. Peter, of Springfield, and Minnie J. Holmes, of Ware.

THAYER-FUTMAN. — Aug. 3, by the same, J. Henry Thayer and Addie Futman, both of Enfield.

BROWN-SPENCER. — Aug. 13, by the same, John O. Brown and Ella Frances Spencer, both of Enfield.

NOTICE. — A tent meeting will be held near the centre of Leicester, on the Paxton road, and on the line of the electric railroad from Worcester to Spencer, commencing Aug. 23, at 10 a. m., and closing Sept. 1. Services each day at 3 and 7.30. Services on Sunday at 10 a. m., 3 and 7. Preachers from Worcester and vicinity will assist. Friends from near and far are cordially invited.

ALONZO SANDERSON, Supt. Missions.

Bishop Taylor Special.

To my partners in the great work of Africa evangelisation I wish to say that I have this day appointed Freeborn Garretson Smith treasurer of our Africa Mission Fund. He has been my friend for forty-seven years, and I believe that he will render us good service. Our Building and Transit Fund Committee are devoted to our work in South America. On behalf of the work in Africa we have no committee, but, as the responsible leader of the movement, I call to my assistance such persons as I need. My son Ross accepted the trusteeship *pro tem*. As a member of the California Conference, the Bishops appoint him editor of *Illustrated Africa*; in addition to that I appoint him as my missionary agent and my legal attorney.

Remittances for the Africa Fund may be sent to him as heretofore at his office, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city. Funds may also be sent direct to the treasurer, Freeborn Garretson Smith, 197 Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. WILLIAM TAYLOR, Bishop of Africa. 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

FIRST GENERAL DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Oct. 3 and 4, 1895. The following transportation rates have been secured: Boston & Maine R. R., from points within 25 miles of St. Johnsbury, 3 cents per mile; from 25 to 35 miles, \$1.00 for the round trip; over 35 miles, 1 1/2 cents per mile. These rates apply upon the divisions of the Boston & Maine system.

If it be thought desirable, a special train will be run from Boston, by the Eastern Division, over the Conway Branch, through the famous White Mountain Notch via Crawford's and Fabry's, thence to St. Johnsbury. Passengers by this train can return by way of Plymouth, N. H., or White River Junction. Tickets, \$4. If a sufficient number signify their intention to take this excursion, the cost may be slightly reduced. Chairs in a palace car may be had at \$1 extra, the order for which must be given in advance.

Fuller particulars will be published upon completion of arrangements. Meantime it is of great importance that individuals and chapters make their plans and be ready to state them to the secretary soon after receiving final information.

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Our Book Table.

Memoirs of Barras. Member of the Directorate. Four volumes. Edited, with a General Introduction, Prefaces, and Appendices, by George Duruy. Translated by C. B. Roche. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$3.75 per vol.

These Memoirs may appropriately be regarded as the confessions of Barras; for in them he makes free to confess not only his own sins, but also the sins of a good many other people with whom he was more or less closely associated in the stormy period of the French Revolution at the close of the last century. The Memoirs have a historic, no less than a personal, interest; they are a kind of search-light borne out into the field of conflict, often revealing curious as well as startling sights. They are valuable as affording an intimate knowledge of the time, with the beginnings of movements, the springs of action in the Revolution, and the first obscure steps of many of the conspicuous actors in that great historic drama. Barras himself was a leading actor, and from his high position was able to acquire accurate knowledge about events which have remained indistinct. Bonaparte, whom he brought to the notice of the public, was his protégé, and of course he is able to throw much light on his early career.

Paul François John Nicholas, Comte de Barras, a distinguished actor in the greatest revolution of history, was born June 5, 1755, and died in 1829. He descended from a noble family in Provence and early entered the army. He was twice in India with his regiment, but soon retired from the service with the rank of captain. He cast his lot in with the revolutionists, and became distinguished by his vigor and daring. As a member of the National Convention, he unhesitatingly gave his vote for the king's death; and at the siege of Toulon, where he first met Napoleon, his energetic measures did much to restore the place to the French. On the 9th Thermidor, 1794, he completely overthrew the power of Robespierre, the man of terror. After the 13th Vendémiaire, 1795, he was named general-in-chief; and after the affair of the 18th Fructidor, 1797, in which Augereau had a main part, he was practically dictator. Bonaparte's coup d'état on the 18th Brumaire, 1799, changed the whole aspect of affairs. Barras retired to his country seat. In the character of Barras there is little to admire. While energetic and courageous in conduct, he was unscrupulous and dissolute in private life. Our interest in this man is almost solely confined to these remarkable Memoirs, which shed a lurid light upon the unhappy times in which he had the fortune to live. He knew the actors of the period, and knew also how to make a record which would be read with interest by posterity. Coming at so late a date, his book has something of the nature of a revelation. His incidents, so at variance with much that had been written under the Napoleon tradition, knock to pieces many a well-constructed historic passage. He makes it his business to cast contempt on the whole Bonaparte régime.

The four volumes of the Memoirs take us down to the 18th Brumaire, 1799, when the Revolution came under the full control of Napoleon. The work was left by Barras in an incomplete state; in some instances in mere notes and jottings, giving the data, but in language which needed readjustment and amplification. This work was assigned to the editor, George Duruy, who not only edited the manuscript, but prepared a general introduction, with prefaces and appendices, which add not a little to the value of the work. At his death in 1829 Barras committed his Memoirs to M. de Saint-Albin, and in 1834 they passed into the custody of Rousseau de Saint-Albin. The publication has been delayed until the actors who are described in its pages are all dead, lest ill feeling should be incurred and possibly libel suits. Especially was this true in regard to the Bonapartes. The present editor determined to give the Memoirs to the public, which should be allowed to judge of the value of the exposures and criticisms of the Bonapartes. The Bonapartes have tried hard to erase from their record the early condition and acts of the family, but Barras has displayed them in all their nakedness. Bonaparte suppressed the member of the Directorate, but Barras has given a return blow in these Memoirs.

Barras had a hand in the storming of the Bastille and held command at the siege of Toulon, but perhaps his most renowned action in the bloody period of the Revolution was the overthrow of Robespierre on the 9th Thermidor, 1794. The Memoirs give us an inside view of the Reign of Terror and of the method taken to overthrow the human tiger in control. He set members of the convention at work to secure his condemnation. The attack was made and the conviction secured by the Assembly, to the surprise of everybody concerned. The executioner of the bloody tribunal, who had taken so many other people to the Place de Revolution, was now called to execute the Dictator who had held the lives of the people of Paris in his hand. He trembled and hesitated, showing some signs of compassion as the terrible man came before him; but Barras, who was in chief command, ordered him to remember the vote of the convention and the decree of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and report the execution of the prisoners in two hours. The report came to headquarters in time, and France was free from the most terrible scourge of the Revolution. His picture of the unspeakable Robespierre is minute and vivid; the whole scene moves again before the mind of the reader—the confused Assembly, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the

prisoners in the wagon on the way to death, and the bloody execution. To the last day of life Barras felt a deep satisfaction in the work of the 9th Thermidor. The nation from that moment breathed easier.

The largest personal interest in the volumes is what the editor calls "the slanders of Napoleon." Barras first met the future emperor at the siege of Toulon and discerned his capacity. Giving him place at the time, he afterwards commended him to the Directorate, of which he was himself an influential member; but the Directors were so incredulous that they refused to appoint him save as a subordinate of Barras. The Memoirs expose his humble origin, shabby condition, inordinate ambition, and unscrupulous methods. His one purpose was to rise, and to gain that end he clove to any one who could help him. For this purpose he clung to Barras, who did finally open to him a career in the army. He courted Josephine because she was believed to have influence with the Director and to be an heiress. In the Memoirs, Josephine is painted as an adventuress, somewhat passé, the mistress first of Gen. Hoche and then of Barras, making love to Napoleon while avowing her profound and eternal attachment to the Director, and deceiving with feigned tears all with whom she had to do. The other Bonapartes are drawn as a set of impetuous foreigners who had quartered themselves on the charities of the French people. Joseph was a liquor-seller under the Intendant, and Lucien a small dealer in forage at Saint Maximin, while the mother and uncle were supported by public charity. They were all selfish and ungrateful, turning in the days of prosperity against whoever had befriended them. Napoleon put his foot on Barras the moment he rose to power. It was in the blood of the family, as the author thinks. Their own interests were all-absorbing.

The question will arise with the reader as to the value of Barras' statements in these volumes, especially the account of the Bonapartes. It is an entirely new Napoleonic legend, and so entirely unlike the current one that the reader must choose between the two. The one is a legend of fame and glory; the other is entirely inglorious and dishonorable. The editor believes the statements of Barras to be slanders. They are poisoned potions, designed to destroy a great reputation, and he hopes by putting the label on the bottle to prevent its use. Napoleon said: "I am fated to be the food of pamphleteers, but I have no fears of falling a victim to them; they will bite granite. Soon there will be no traces of them, whereas my movements and institutions will commend me to the most remote posterity. In spite of every libel I entertain no fears for my fame. Posterity will render justice to me."

But here is a book that comes up fresh after a century, challenging the old Napoleonic legend. Barras makes no mere outcry against Napoleon; his volumes are filled with what he gives as facts. If not correct in his statements, the critic can in many cases, at least, show the misstatement. One thing is certain, the judgment of the world has been steadily tending to a less favorable view of the character of Napoleon I. The bad elements had been covered with glory. The view in perspective is not so favorable as the contemporary estimate.

The Way Out: A Solution of the Temperance Question. By Hugh Montgomery. Introduction by D. D. Chester. D. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery is a clear-eyed, warm-hearted, plucky Irishman, and a born reformer. When he sees an evil in society he goes for it, and is sure to strike between the eyes. For weapons he uses facts, logic and humor—anything to bring down the game. He commands the press, the platform, the pulpit. This volume contains some of the best things from his articles, sermons and platform lectures—shot, shell, shrapnel, burning arrows, and charges of dynamite. Having done effective service in some other ways, they will now serve a good purpose in volume form. Rum and Romanism are the two enemies he does his best to overthrow. Everybody will like to find the way out of the rum ruin. It is an excellent book for the Sunday-school library.

Far from the Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

Even great authors find their genius working unevenly; they have their favorite themes and moments of best inspiration. As a result, they produce some works quite superior to others; or, if not superior in quality, better adapted to the tastes of the hour. Thomas Hardy has often found his way to the heart of the people, but he made a fortunate hit in the above story. He portrayed the people and conditions of Wessex in a way to hold attention and to recall the reader to the record again and again. This is a re-issue. The public will wish to turn back for a re-reading of a book which gave them so much pleasure at first. The new edition is brought

out with a preface, a map of Wessex, and an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn.

The Velled Doctor. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

The reader's attention will be attracted to this book both on account of the author and the subject. The author is the daughter of the late Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States. The name will have an attraction for many living in the Southern part of the Republic. The story itself is very depressing and gruesome, though most attractively told. A physician who always wears a thick veil over his face to conceal the ravages of cancer from his wife, and is even buried with it, is not the pleasantest sort of a hero for a novel.

Magazines.

—Harper's for August is a midsummer number, dealing with subjects appropriate for hours of recreation. Mr. Abbey illustrates "A Midsummer Night's Dream," while Andrew Lang furnishes a commentary on the text of Shakespeare's comedy. In "Every Day Scenes in China" Julian Ralph describes the characteristics of the common folk in city and country. Howells has a delightful article in "Roundabout to Boston." "The Cracker Cowboys of Florida" is a new discovery of a border type by Frederick Remington. "The German Struggle for Liberty" is a second article on the Fatherland, by Poultney Bigelow. Miss Briscoe has in "Jimmy" a tale of old Virginia and Bohemian New York. "The Little Room" is a New England tale by Mrs. Wynne. The editor's "Study" and "Drawer" are never without interest. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

—The Midsummer Holiday Century for August contains the beautiful wood-engravings by Cole after celebrated pictures by Rubens, the cuts having been made in the presence of the pictures themselves. A fully illustrated description is given by Philo N. McGiffin of "The Battle of the Yalu" between the Chinese and Japanese fleets, in which the writer commanded the iron-clad "Chen Yuen." Max Nordau replies to his critics. "Casa Braccio," by F. Marion Crawford is continued. Henry D. Sedgwick has a delightful article on "Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire." He gives instantaneous photographs of the noted men and women who visited at the Sedgwicks a half-century ago. John Fox, Jr., has an outing article in descriptions of "Fox Hunting in Kentucky." It is an enjoyable summer number, containing light and easy yet suggestive reading. (Century Company: New York.)

—The North American Review is always worth a careful reading. There is very little one can afford to skip; padding is omitted almost altogether. The August number is up to its high average. The articles are all substantial and well written. Mr. Traynor leads in an able treatment of "The Menace of Romanism," noted both for its ability and candor on an inflammable subject. Major Griffiths, British person inspector, treats the subject of "Female Criminals." Andrew Lang discusses "Tendencies in Fiction." Hon. Wm. McAdoo considers "The Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary." "The Solution of War," by Dr. Mendes, is designed to show the powerful influence of diplomacy and international law in allaying the antagonisms of nations and races. Sir Charles W. Dilke dwells on "The New Administration in England." Rev. J. A. Zahm considers "Leo XIII. and the Social Question." Albert D. Vandam has the eighth instalment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire." The chief of the Bureau of Statistics sees "The Turning of the Tide" in the monetary and business affairs of the country. "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" is the title of an article in which Goldwin Smith severely criticizes "The Ascent of Man" by Drummond and "Social Evolution" by Kidd. These articles give sufficient food for thought, especially in this August weather. (North American Review: 3 East Fourteenth St., New York.)

—The August Atlantic Monthly furnishes an interesting list of articles. Two papers of much interest are devoted to Judge Hoar. The first is in the shape of a brief poem, giving the granite of his build, and the second is one in which General Cox tells "How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney General." Percival Lowell tries to answer the question, "Is Mars Inhabited?" "The Poet's Yorkshire Haunts" will delight every reader of the great Lowell. James Schanler has made an interesting article on "President Polk's Diary," revealing the inside workings of his administration. Harvey N. Shepard tells of "The Wrongs of the Jurymen." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Gilbert Parker continue their serials in fiction. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

—Popular Science Monthly for August contains a long and valuable list of articles. Herbert Spencer leads in a paper—the fourth in the series he is writing—on "Professional Institutions." He considers the poet, orator, actor and dramatist. Dr. White continues his chapters on "The Warfare of Science," dealing here with the resistance made to higher criticism. The apparatus for extinguishing fires, with a notice of the various improvements; the pleasures of the telescope; argon, the new constituent of the atmosphere; and the nervous system in its relation to education, are among the other subjects discussed. (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

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Obituaries.

Thornton.—Capt. George Thornton, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of East Boston, died at his late residence, 410 Sumner St., on June 14, 1895, at the age of 75 years. He had been seriously ill for several months, and made a heroic fight for life.

Mr. Thornton was born in England seventy-five years ago next October. He emigrated to America in his early manhood, and settled in East Boston some forty-six years ago, where he has resided ever since. He had been dock master at Union Wharf, Grand Junction, for more than forty years, and was greatly respected by all who knew him. He was a prominent official member of Meridian St. M. E. Church, which he joined by profession when he first came to East Boston. He was greatly beloved by his associates in church work, and was a thoroughly honest man, of the most sterling integrity both in business and in religion. He gave himself wholly to his home, his business, and his church.

His funeral was very largely attended from the Bethel Church, Sunday, at 3 P. M. Rev. L. W. Staples, the pastor, officiated, assisted by Dr. L. B. Bates, Rev. G. L. Small and Rev. George Brown. The funeral services were elaborate and very beautiful, and the many tearful eyes in the large audience bore testimony to the high esteem in which he was held. The pall bearers were from his colleagues in church work, men who had toiled with him long and faithfully. Many of his comrades from the Grand Junction were also in attendance.

He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter to mourn their loss; also his brother, Mark Thornton, so well known in East Boston, who was with him constantly during the last days.

L. W. STAPLES.

Rogers.—Leroy Rogers, only son of Rev. George W. T. Rogers, a member of the New Hampshire Conference for many years, died at Tilton, N. H., June 20, 1895, aged 58 years.

Mr. Rogers united with the M. E. Church in boyhood, and spent his whole life in active service in her communion. He was connected for many years with Grace Church, Haverhill, Mass., serving in various official capacities, as class-leader, Sunday-school superintendent, and in other positions of trust. Wherever he was located he was a faithful, consistent, and active member of the church.

For three years he was steward of the new Hampshire Conference Seminary, and in this position commanded the esteem of all men with whom he had dealings. His quiet, manly bearing won the love of the pupils and teachers, and he received from them the greatest marks of respect, a fitting tribute to the genuine worth of the man. Very few men possess such a combination of qualities as these which fitted Mr. Rogers for the place he filled. He was uniformly kind, dignified, faithful, industrious, and never lost his perfect equanimity under the severest provocations. This complete self-control and gentleness of spirit compelled the respect of all under his care.

The unusual exercises attending the semi-centennial of the institution laid heavy responsibilities upon him. He did not complain of the added duties, but with the most unswerving fidelity continued at his post, though not feeling in the best of health. The day after the closing of the school he finished the accounts which his position required him to keep, and then set down to rest. He never woke again. When his friends came into his room he was gently and sweetly breathing his last. He died in the fullness of his labors, receiving the "well done" of all on earth, and, we doubt not, the better "well done" of heaven.

Mr. Rogers was twice married. His first wife was Miss Julia A. Lane, of Seabrook, N. H. Miss Lizzy Ayer, of Salem, N. H., his second wife, had preceded him to the world beyond only a year since. His only surviving child, Stacy L. Rogers, resides in Bangor, Maine, and, like Joseph in the old time, was permitted to follow his father to his last resting-place in the family lot at Salem, N. H.

D. C. KNOWLES.

Messer.—Emma Philena Messer was born in Vernon, Me., Jan. 31, 1841, and left this life, June 12, 1895.

Her parents were exemplary members of the M. E. Church. Early following their salutary example, she gave her heart to God and joined the society of which they were members. Thenceforth, like the daughter of Jephtha, she devoted her virgin life to the cause of her Master. Coming to Boston while still young, and appreciating the importance of the field, with all her youthful ardor she threw herself into the work of Christ. Joining the Church Street society, she labored there till she moved with it to form what is now People's Temple, where she continued to work till the Saviour said, "Well done."

Her faith in the Word of God was phenomenal, and her trust in Christ inspiring. Faith dominated her whole being as sight does that of most others. In the strain and stress of severest suffering the composure of her reliance remained unswerving to the end. She was an intelligent and attentive hearer of the Word; she was also a doer of the same. It was her delight to teach and train her Sunday-school class, and her joy to help the poor and console the disconsolate. She was industrious, economical and laborious in her business, that she might have wherewith to give to the needy. Her hand was ever open to every good cause. She was a peace-maker, possessed of a meek and quiet spirit, and such was her influence that she molded many others into the same salutary spirit. Loved and admired most by those who knew her best, she made many friends, and always kept them when they were worthy. She was a woman of tender affection for every good work and worker, and had the sagacity to see between what was sterling and spurious. Her love was equal to her discerning faith, although that faith was so great that it actually removed mountains. She was a splendid illustration of St. Paul's love-poem to the Corinthians. Hers was a love that "suffereth long and is kind," etc. This love led to happiness, that happiness to joy, and that joy to victory. The graces were beautifully blended in her. A many-sided Christian, she was interesting, useful and lovely in a multitude of ways. Like a diamond flashing fresh light from each rotating angle, she shone like a spiritual queen in each new circumstantial setting. Her mind was broad, but her heart was broader, and the scope of her humanities was only bounded by the circumference of her opportunities. Her strong will was under the control of stronger reason, and her affections ever moved under the supervision of superior common sense. She was a lady of the best type produced by the Gospel, and that means the best type producible. She filled an important place in an important society, but she so lived as to qualify many others to occupy the place she has vacated. She rejoiced in the success of the church, and was

above seeing "a mote in a brother's eye;" but that was because there was no "beam in her own eye." She believed close following gives clear revelations and strong inspirations, and so she followed Jesus very closely. She spoke confidently of His divine dealings with herself, and believed they were all working together (whether gloomy or glorious) to weave the richest patterns into her character. She had the spiritual devotion of Mary of Bethany, but also the practical consecration of Joanna of Tiberias. If Christ had been personally on earth, she would have followed Him like Susanna to "minister unto Him of her substance." She had the real spirit of true benevolence, and this she rightly esteemed the essence of Christianity.

The clouds that canopied her final sickness were ever penetrated by the stars of promise; and the bright and morning star in particular never ceased to shine around the magnetic axis of her heart's deepest faith. When mourning friends tearfully gathered around her casket to say adieu, there were but two sentiments—earth has lost a saint; heaven has gained a seraph. Farewell, sweet spirit; we shall meet thee in the morning!

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 13

- Queen Victoria's fourteenth Parliament opens; Speaker Gully re-elected.
- Promise of the greatest corn crop in the history of our country.
- Pneumatic tube lines connecting Boston with sub-offices approved by board of aldermen.
- An earthquake in central and southern Mexico.
- The New York & New England road to remain an independent corporation, under the title of "The New England Railroad," with the Vanderbilts in control.

— Henry G. Clark, the boy "firebug" of Chelsea, sentenced to six years in the Concord Reformatory.

— A report that the Spaniards in Cuba have thus far lost 15,000 men.

Wednesday, August 14.

- At least 1,000 laborers working on the Panama Canal.
- The cruiser "Marblehead" ordered from England to Asia Minor to protect missionaries.
- The Peace Congress opens at Brussels.
- The Spanish cabinet decides to pay the Mora claim in September without interest.
- Nineteen cows having tuberculosis killed at Haverhill.
- Massachusetts to have a creditable exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition.
- A cabinet crisis in Japan; Prince Ito resigns.

— Bulgarians attack the Mohammedan village of Kirdjali, burn 290 houses, and kill 25 persons.

Thursday, August 15.

- Severe fighting in Formosa; the Japanese meeting with unexpected resistance.
- Death, at Leipzig, of Baron Tauchnitz, the well-known publisher.
- The United States attacked and defended at the Peace Congress.
- Strained relations between France and Brazil.
- Thomas Hovenden, the well-known artist, sacrifices his life in trying to save a little girl in front of a train near Norristown, Pa.; both were killed.

— The town of Puerto Principe, Cuba, besieged by the insurgents under Gomez.

— A Boston man drowns himself in Chicago to test telephony.

— The Belmont-Morgan syndicate makes good to the sub-treasury the gold recently withdrawn.

Friday, August 16.

- The Queen's speech read at the opening of Parliament.
- President Cleveland invited by the city of Boston to become its guest during the triennial convocation of the Knights Templars.
- The new armored battle-ship "Texas" put in commission.
- Billerica observes the 200th anniversary of the Indian massacre.
- Graves of both German and French decorated at Metz.
- An English schooner fired upon by Venezuelans.
- The Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec to start a lottery in order to provide for the maintenance of their schools in Manitoba.

Saturday, August 17.

- An attempt to desecrate Stambuloff's grave.
- Emperor Joseph of Austria to celebrate his fifty years' reign in 1896, if he lives.
- Population of Boston, 494,308; of Massachusetts, 2,486,345.
- The metric system made legal in England.
- Death of Peter F. Rothermel, the painter of the "Battle of Gettysburg," the "Christian Martyrs in the Colosseum," and other famous works of art.
- Hon. M. W. Ransom's incumbency of the post of minister to Mexico declared to be contrary to the Constitution, he having been confirmed by the Senate before his senatorial term expired.
- Six hundred men killed in Ecuador in a battle between the forces of Alfaro and Sarasti; the latter defeated.

Monday, August 19.

- Seven persons drowned at Ocean City, Md., by the capsizing of their boat.
- Foundation-stone of the monument to Emperor William I. laid in Berlin with impressive ceremonies.
- Yesterday the "driest" Sunday New York has known in years; only 63 arrests for breaking the liquor law.
- Jupiter (Fla.) jail mobbed, the jailer killed, and a negro prisoner hanged.
- Experimenting with kites at Blue Hill to secure records of temperature at varying heights, and to take photographs.
- The rebellion in Formosa reported to be ended; the stronghold of the Black-flags captured by the Japanese.

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A READER.

The Second Summer.

Many mothers believe, in the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Tired women need to have their blood purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give them strength and health.

The makers of fine grades of china and earthenware have been taxed of late to produce unique and attractive designs of pitchers. No feature of interior house decoration has more care and taste bestowed upon it by the good housewife than the china and glass, the undesirable being given away or sent to the auction room to make place for the new and attractive. Progressive reduction in manufacture together with reduced tariff have brought down the cost fully one-third.

REV. JAMES PIKE, D. D.

A Memorial Tribute.

Rev. James Pike, D. D., the son of Caleb and Mary Pike, was born Nov. 10, 1818, on the old homestead in Salisbury, Mass., which has been in the family in unbroken succession since the early settlement of the country, and died of heart failure at his home in Newfields, N. H., July 27, 1895.

The Pikes were of sterling Puritan stock, with remarkable physical vigor and mental force, and moral and religious proclivities. James was educated in the common schools, the old Newmarket Academy and Wesleyan University. It was while attending the Academy that he was led to consecrate his life to God and to take upon himself a public profession of religion. He was baptized at Salisbury by Rev. J. G. Dow in 1837, and was received into the church under the ministry of the late Rev. J. G. Smith, and for fifty-eight years he has honored his profession by a godly and most useful life.

After some experience as a teacher, he entered the ministry in the old-fashioned way by serving an apprenticeship as a licensed exhorter. He was licensed as a local preacher at Portsmouth in 1840. He told the writer many years ago that he never had the experience of a strong inward conviction, which many have, that it was his duty to devote himself to the ministry, but yielded to the suggestions of his elder brethren and those providential indications which seemed to point in that direction. Certainly, his commission has been well attested by the three traditional seals—gifts, grace and usefulness. He was admitted as a probationer into the New Hampshire Conference at its session in Dover in 1842. Two years later he was admitted into full connection and ordained a deacon by Bishop Waugh at Claremont, and in 1845 he was inducted into the full ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church by being ordained an elder by Bishop James. He served with marked success at Hooksett, Pembroke, Nashua, Newmarket, Lawrence (Mass.), Great Falls (High Street), and Haverhill (Mass.). In all these charges his labors were very fruitful, and this was especially the case at Great Falls (now Somersworth), where he had a wonderful work of revival, the fruits of which remain to this day. In 1853 he was appointed presiding elder of the Dover District, and served with his characteristic diligence and fidelity till 1855.

A most important change here took place in his relations to the public. The writer knows from intimate acquaintance with him at the time that he accepted the nomination for the Thirty-fourth Congress with the most sincere conviction of duty. That was one of the most memorable Congresses in the history of the country up to that time. Its choice, after a long and bitter struggle, of Hon. Nathaniel P. Banks as speaker by the nearly united vote of the North marked an epoch in our nation's political history. It was a time when good men, Christian men, were specially needed in that high office, and there were most vital issues then pending that needed just such men as James Pike and others of like character. Who shall say how much we owe to those Christian statesmen for the improved condition of our country today? He was re-elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress in 1857. In the campaigns which resulted in his election he took an active part, and addressed the people of his district (the First New Hampshire) on the issues of the time with great ability. During this time no one, not even his political opponents, ever accused him of any act or word unbecoming a Christian gentleman. In this responsible office he served with marked ability and faithfulness, and was one of the most diligent, conscientious and useful members of the body. During his first term he served on the committee on pensions and was chairman of the committee on enrolled bills, which was a position of special importance, as at the close of the session strenuous efforts were made to secure or prevent the executive approval of certain measures. At one time he was almost constantly riding between the Capitol and the White House for forty-eight hours, to see that desired legislation did not fall of the President's sanction. While in Congress he never lowered his standard as an advocate of

freedom, truth, righteousness and good government, nor did he vacate the higher office of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Few Sundays passed on which he was not found in some pulpit in or about Washington doing gratuitous and most acceptable service. While his brethren of the Conference urged him to take a supernumerary relation, and thus retain his standing in the body, he with characteristic conscientiousness preferred to take a location, and thus relieve the Conference of any possible embarrassment from having one of its members serving in a political office. He was the third Methodist minister who served the State in the Lower House of the national Legislature, the first being his venerable father-in-law, Rev. John Brodhead, one of the pioneers of Methodism in New Hampshire, and the second the late Rev. Jared Perkins, of precious memory.

Mr. Pike returned to the Conference in 1859, and was employed in the regular work of the ministry as pastor and presiding elder till 1862, when he heard the call of his country and enlisted as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, and served as Colonel of the 16th Regiment N. H. Volunteers. He was mustered in, November 1. Early in December the regiment sailed for New Orleans, as a constituent part of General Banks' expedition. The regiment did effective service in the defence of New Orleans, at Port Hudson and Fort Burton. At the expiration of the nine months for which the regiment was enlisted, it was mustered out, and Col. Pike received an honorable discharge. He was a brave soldier and a most competent officer. He carried his religion with him into the army, and was a missionary to his men, to whom he ministered in their sickness and suffering in the swamps of Louisiana.

When he had recovered from the effects of malaria, which greatly prostrated him, he immediately resumed his work as a minister, and served an unexpired term as pastor of the Walnut St. Church, Chelsea, Mass. His great interest in the cause of education, and especially in our Conference Seminary at Tilton, reconciled him to an appointment as financial agent of that institution. His successful and poorly-paid service in this work was not the only benefaction which the Seminary received at his hands. In 1865 he was stationed at Portsmouth and served two years. He subsequently served in regular succession as presiding elder of Dover and Claremont Districts, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Manchester, and presiding elder of Concord and Dover Districts, closing fourteen years of service as presiding elder in 1880. In this office, which involves so much hard work, long and tedious journeys and a heavy tax on muscle and brain, he was always popular with the people and greatly beloved by the pastors and their families. His administration was always wise and his ministry helpful.

He was appointed by the Bishop the delegate from the New Hampshire Conference to the Ecumenical Council of the Methodist bodies at Cincinnati in 1876, and to the centennial celebration of Methodism in America at Baltimore in 1884. He was elected by his brethren to the General Conference in '60, '64, '68, and '72. He served as chairman of the committee charged with the delicate duty of investigating the serious difficulties connected with the management of the Book Concern in New York—a position in which he showed great wisdom and his stern sense of justice and right.

The writer knows that he was persuaded against his own inclination to accept the nomination for governor of New Hampshire in 1871. He had the misfortune to run against one of the most popular men in the State, and whose residence in the chief city of the commonwealth gave him great advantage. His vote in the convention that nominated him was nearly unanimous, but he lacked a few votes in the election. He was not anxious to be Governor, but was naturally and properly anxious to succeed after having been nominated, and his failure was a great grief to his friends and a deep mortification to himself. There is a story of ingratitude and treachery about this matter that would better remain untold.

Some ten years ago Dr. Pike's strong frame began to fail in vigor, and he became supernumerary and effective alternately, as health changed, serving one term at Bristol with great acceptance, and one year at Epping. In 1889 he took a superannuated relation, which he retained till he was, as he once in his great suffering expressed a desire to be, "mustered out."

He was married, April 19, 1840, at South Newmarket, to Miss Mary R., youngest daughter of Rev. John Brodhead. She has been a most faithful companion, and an efficient helper to her husband in all his work in the churches, a refined and gracious lady, commanding the respect and love of all who knew her. She survives him, as do their two children—James Thornton, of Newfields, and Annie Gertrude, of Boston, the wife of Mr. C. B. Kendall.

On becoming superannuated he retired to his pleasant home, the old Brodhead mansion at South Newmarket (now Newfields), where he had lived many years. Here he was greatly respected by all, and here he died in perfect peace after a brief period of severe suffering.

Nature and grace combined to make James Pike one of the noblest of God's noblemen. No man ever lived among us who had a higher sense of honor than he. He had only a sanctified scorn for every species of meanness and duplicity. He was a lover of good men, and was capable of the most generous friendships. He had a singular power of discrimination in character, and rarely failed in his judgment of men. He was a man of great charity and catholicity of spirit, yet loyally attached to his own church. He was a patriot after the Christian pattern, and was as jealous of the honor of his country as of his church. He was not a politician in the lower sense of this term, but served his country as he served his God, for conscience' sake. He was a man of great strength of character; a brave man; a great man; a holy man; a modest man, who never dreamed of his own merit. He has fought a good fight, finished his course and kept the faith, and has gone to inherit the crown of righteousness.

His funeral was attended by a large gathering of his old neighbors and friends from different parts of the State. More than twenty-five of his ministerial brethren were present to testify their love for their old leader and associate in

Christian work. The hymns known to be his favorites were sung by the people, prayers were offered, and remarks made by several of the brethren. The service was under the direction of his dear friend, Rev. G. W. Norris. Men of the G. A. R. served as bearers. There was nothing funeral about the service. A "light that never was on land or sea" seemed to illuminate the scene and make the occasion one of solemn joyfulness.

JAMES THURSTON.

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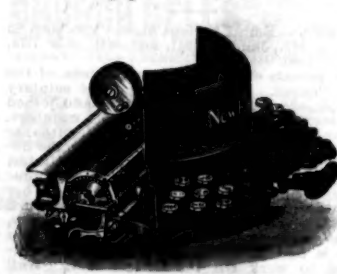
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